

# COUNTRY LIFE

## ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. by LAFAYETTE,

LADY EDITH VILLIERS.

179, New Bond Street

## THE RED DEER.—I.

**H**IS Royal Highness shot several deer and one stag." Such was the unwittingly libellous account given by a daily newspaper of a day's stalking by the Duke of York in Lord Kenmare's mountainous deer forest in the neighbourhood of the Upper Lake at Killarney. The Duke of York, who is one of the quickest and best shots of his age in the kingdom, shot, of course, no deer at all, but came back to Kenmare House in the late evening with a wild red stag to his credit. No doubt he has laid low many another monarch of the glen in Scotland, for the forests which adjoin Balmoral are extensive and well stocked, and in them nothing that may tend to the comfort of the deer or the enjoyment of good sport is left undone. Perhaps his Royal Highness is aware, though there are certainly quite

enough men in ignorance to warrant the statement of the fact, that no Nimrod of the Christian era has secured anything like so fine a "head" as might have been obtained in earlier times. Lord Burton's trophy of 1893, the head of a Glenquoich stag with ten points to each antler, is accounted passing fine in these days, but in the days when the red deer roamed all over Britain, and when the huge aurochs and musk-ox were to be found where Maidenhead and Twickenham now are, it would have been tossed aside as a trifle, and the slayer of that stag would have been spoken to, if there had been anybody to speak, in the tone which is used to the murderer of squeakers in early September. Not ten, but twenty, points are to be found among the antlers which are disinterred from fens and turbaries and caverns of the Pleistocene period, and there is no doubt that the red deer of that period was a magnificent creature.

Now science makes it as plain as any pikestaff that the red deer of those days was, except in this matter of heavier and more elaborate antlers, precisely identical in all essentials with the noble creature whom we know, some of us by dint of the sport he has shown, and all of us in the undying pictures of Landseer, in this year of grace. It follows that the red deer is not only the largest wild beast to be found in the United Kingdom, but also that he is absolutely indigenous to the land in which he still possesses sundry wild and safe fortresses. This is more than can be said of the common fallow deer, which is believed to have been imported into this country by the Romans, or, for that matter—though I was unaware of this until I chanced upon it in Mr. Lydekker's book—of the common rabbit. How



Photo. by C. Reid.

THE GENTLE HIND.

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comes it then that the size of the antlers has decreased? Is the diminution to be ascribed wholly or in part to degeneration? Degeneration in some measure is, unfortunately, only too probable in this country, for various reasons, of which the principal ones may be described as narrowed range and consequent inbreeding. No doubt efforts are made from time to time to introduce fresh blood into various wild herds, but still there is, and almost must be, too much disregard of the table of affinities on the part of the stag. But it may well be that the theory of degeneration, as an explanation of the comparatively mean antlers of to-day, is carried to extremes by the pessimists! One may take it that there was no particular reason why our old friend the Pleistocene stag should not, barring accidents, have lived as long as his constitution permitted; and the chances of accident were all in his favour. If there were cave-men in those days, as was most likely the case, it is unlikely that they were educated up to the point of desiring to hang the walls of their caverns with trophies of the chase. The summit of their ambition was a full meal, and a tough old stag offered no temptations to them if venison of more tender quality could be secured. The lion, the sabre-toothed tiger, the hyæna, and the leopard, all of which flourished in that period, to say nothing of the wolf, sought not trophies, but their daily meat. So, it seems to me, young and defenceless deer were exposed to many dangers. But the older a stag grew, the less liable to sudden death did he become, for as year followed year he suggested to the voracious foe the prospect of a tougher fight to start with and a tougher meal at the finish. In a word, the fittest survived.

In these milder days the British Lion has become an inspiring figure of speech, and the tiger, the hyæna, the leopard, and the wolf have ceased to infest the country for some little time. The red stag has no carnivorous quadruped to thin the number of his herd. In man, however, he meets a foe animated by a new spirit and armed with a weapon of absolute precision. This new spirit is, one may take it, fatally inimical to the development of perfect heads. The man who goes deer-stalking does not, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, care two straws about the quality of the venison which shall be brought home. If plied with questions upon the subject, he will probably reply tersely, "red deer venison is not in the same street with that of the fallow deer." Fine antlers, the head of a royal stag with as many points as may be, are



Photo. by C. Reid.

WHO COMES HERE?

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the objects of his ambition, and in pursuit of them he will pass through endless trouble and discomfort, to end, if all goes right, in a few moments during which every nerve is strained to the utmost, and a few minutes of keen triumph, followed by the pleasant consciousness that the memory of that triumph will be glorious for many a long day. But it follows that when men, steady of nerve and hand and eye, carrying rifles which will shoot almost to a hair's breadth, consistently search for the best heads and get them, the average life of the stag will grow, and has grown, far shorter than it used to be. Then the older a stag grew, so long as his strength remained, the better were his chances; now every tine that his antlers produce, and every new point he carries among his sur-royals, make him more an l more certain to attract the notice, usually deadly, of the man with the rifle. He is cut off in his prime, and before his antlers have grown to perfection. But I am inclined to say that the comparatively small size of modern antlers no more demonstrates the degeneracy of the red deer of the day than the small diameter of a young oak would prove that Victorian oaks were not equal to those of Queen Bess. Moreover, when the antlers have their chance of growing, they come very near to the prehistoric standard, for Mr. Lydekker notes that at Warnham Court there was living early in this decade a stag with no less than forty-eight points to his antlers.

Of the art of venery and of the habits of red deer, some thing may be said in the succeeding article. For the moment let a word be written of the splendour and grace of the appearance of the full-grown stag. Slender of limb, but with powerful thighs and body, he is surely wondrously proportioned for strength and speed. His rounded and branching antlers are not to be matched for grace, his full and liquid eye is among the most beautiful things in Nature. Ever on the alert, with pointed ears for the sound, and with sensitive nostrils for the scent, of some intruder on his domain, he is the very embodiment of freedom. The wild spirit of the forest is personified in him, and it is there that, after long stalking and careful watching, you shall see him to best advantage. But he is beautiful in the spacious park also. Long may he live in the land. AUCEPS.

# Country Life

ILLUSTRATED.

THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## COUNTRY NOTES.

THE weather of the past week has been superb, and the St. Luke's summer of 1897 will long be remembered as one of the finest on record. The depression which threatened to break up the spell of fine weather some days ago filled up without disturbing the favourable conditions then prevailing. As an evidence of the unusual strength of the sun at this time of year, on Sunday last the solar rays concentrated by a spherical water-bottle acting as a lens actually set fire to the table-cloth in the Ship Hotel at Leigh, in Essex. Such incidents are not uncommon in July, but they most certainly are a month after the commencement of the winter solstice.

A good many critics of Lord Ernest Hamilton's article on "Partridge Shooting," which appeared in the October number of the *Balminton Magazine*, refer to it as "somewhat belated." It seems to be thought that since the partridge becomes legally shootable on the First of September—a date always to be spelt with a capital initial—he therefore makes this month peculiarly his own for shooting purposes. But, as a matter of fact, he is killed much more numerously, and the shooting of him, as a serious business, begins far more generally, in October, by which time he is strong on the wing and flies well to the "drive." Apparently it would please some of those critics better if pheasant shooting were given pride of place, as the sport of the month, in October; but similarly, with that gay bird, though he becomes a legal mark to the gunner—who has paid for his licence—on October the 1st, there is not a deal of serious pheasant shooting to be done in that month. Generally the coverts are too "blind," with too much leaf on the tree, and this year this is exceptionally the case. The harvest was an early one, and the partridge therefore may have suffered more heavily in the first legal month of his shooting than he is used to; but, on the other hand, the leaf has stayed exceptionally late on the trees, so that the pheasant in covert has been virtually invisible. Judging by all appearances at the moment of writing, it may not be until some days into November that it will be practicable to do much with the pheasant coverts. And then who is to say how far the old cocks may not have wandered off? For the rest, it is, on every evidence, an exceptionally good pheasant year, so that many will come to bag, though they may come "somewhat belated."

Of course there is but one way, where that one way is a feasible one, of bringing pheasants well to the guns—at least, all other ways are so inferior that for practical purposes they are worth no consideration—and that is to drive them away from their homes, as far as they will go, and then bring them back on their way home over the guns. This finds them ready to fly and to face the guns, for the sake of getting home, with a courage they would never show in leaving it. When the cover is as thick, however, as it was this year up to the middle and end of October, it is not much good attempting to do anything with big coverts. All that is left is to beat up the outlying spinneys for any stragglers; and this, besides bringing a few birds to bag and catching a few of the straying old cocks, is also a good schooling for the birds, teaching them to take flight for their home wood after you have driven them into these spinneys early in the season.

It is true there are a few coverts, like the famous Attlebridge Hills, near Norwich, where it does not much matter how you drive your bir's. You cannot fail in bringing them as good shots to the guns; but this covert seems to have

been specially laid out by Providence for the shooting of pheasants, seeing that it is a long wood running along the length of a line of hills that undulate switchback railway fashion. They go on undulating so long that they give two whole days' shooting without beating any of the ground twice. The guns are posted in the valleys of the switchback arrangement, and the pheasants are driven on and on from one hill-side to the other, and offer a succession of shots very difficult to match in the Eastern Counties, where, though the game is plentiful, the flat country does not as a rule lend itself to bringing them very high over the guns.

Under these circumstances pheasant shooting becomes a most delightful—indeed, almost the most delightful—sport, for it has all the excitement of partridge driving in the character of the shots, and all the beautiful surroundings which are never absent from a fine covert, but are sometimes rather far to seek on the bare ploughed lands and stubbles. No doubt the partridge driving has an element of special and peculiar pleasure, especially if they are your own partridges and if it is your own ground—the whole operation of the drive is seen so perfectly. Long before the birds come to the guns at all this pleasure is afforded. Here and there a covey are seen coming in nicely to the drive; on the other side one or two can be observed stealing away outside it. Then you wonder, "Where the dickens is that left flank?" and go through a few moments of anxiety that approaches agony before, to your great relief, you see the top of the left-flanker's flag waving at the evading birds, and turning them back into the right way; that is to say, supposing the drive to be a fairly successful one, for, even in the most successful, some coveys are sure to escape you.

The salutary lesson which the ten rioters arrested at One Tree Hill last Sunday received with exemplary promptitude on Monday morning from the stipendiary magistrate of the Greenwich Police-court, will, in all probability, cause a postponement of the projected sack of the Golf Club House, which certain instigators of these riots had expressed their intention of carrying out as their next Sunday's entertainment. It is a great pity that some of those individuals could not have stood side by side in the dock with, and received proportionate sentences to those given to, the youths who, by the loud-mouthed denunciations of these instigators, were egged on to destroy property and to assault the police. But it was ever thus. The agitator escapes with a whole skin; it is his dupes who suffer.

The marriage of the Marquis of Waterford last week recalls memories of "The Marquis," one of the most noted sportsmen of the century, and one whose eccentric doings will always keep the name a well-remembered one. It was early in the forties that Henry, third Marquis of Waterford, gave up hunting in the Shires and came to live on his ancestral estates, and established that grand pack—the Curraghmore Hounds. No pack in Ireland ever gave better sport than did the Curraghmores under the mastership of "The Marquis," and March 29th, 1859, the day on which he met his death, was a sad one to Irish sportsmen. As is often the case, the fence which was the cause of the fatal accident was a very trifling one. A fox had been found in Corvally, and hounds were hunting slowly across Kilmoganny Road, on to which was a low, rotten fence, with a narrow, shallow grip on the landing, or road, side. Mayboy, the horse which Lord Waterford was riding, pecked on landing, and threw his rider heavily on the top of his head on the road. He never moved nor uttered a word after his fall. Many theories were put forward at the time to account for such a magnificent horseman, as "The Marquis" undoubtedly was, falling so helplessly. One was, that he had an attack of apoplexy, but a more likely explanation was, that he was subject to acute lumbago, and got a sudden twinge which made him quite helpless to sit his horse. He was forty-eight years of age, and his daring deeds, his lively escapades, his brilliant horsemanship, and kindly, generous disposition, united to make him, perhaps, the most popular sportsman that ever lived in Ireland.

Upon the death of "The Marquis," his brother John, who was in holy orders, succeeded him as fourth Marquis. Though he was a parson, the new Marquis had all the sporting instincts of the Beresfords in him, and handed over the pack, supplemented by a handsome subscription, to the county. The pack was splendidly hunted by Mr. Briscoe until 1870. The fourth Marquis died in 1866, when he was succeeded by his eldest son, John Henry, as fifth Marquis. Lord Waterford was then serving in the 1st Life Guards, but he left the Army and took up his residence at Curraghmore in 1869. For several years the late Marquis hunted the Curraghmores in princely style, till the short-sighted stupidity of the Land Leaguers compelled him to abandon hunting, and the County Waterford lost about £30,000 a-year. At the much-lamented death of the late Lord Water-

ford in 1895 he was succeeded by his son, the Earl of Tyrone, who was then twenty years of age. The present Marquis, whose marriage last Saturday created such a stir in the fashionable world, was "entered" young, as in the large picture of the members of the Hunt presented to his father in 1878 he appears as the Earl of Tyrone, mounted on a donkey. There is some disappointment expressed that Lord Waterford will not hunt the resuscitated Curraghmores this season, but it is hoped that some time in the near future he will be seen holding as distinguished a place with these hounds as did his grand-uncle and his father.

A funny incident (excepting, of course, for the parties concerned), funny, that is to say, for all spectators, took place with the Meath Hounds last week, when the whip got thrown in a field in which a Hereford bull was kept. This animal must have imbibed Hibernian ideas, as the sight of the red coat stirred up his ire, and he came at the poor whip, who did one of the quickest "runs" of the season so far, and made good his escape through a friendly gap. The bull then turned his attention to some mounted members of the Hunt, who had to beat a precipitate retreat also.

It was a really historical encounter that took place at the Queen's Club racket courts, on Saturday. Like its nobler brother tennis, the younger rackets is now beginning to have a flavour of antiquity, and boasts a history of its own. The champions, too, have changed sufficiently rarely to allow of their names standing out conspicuously, and most of the names and sobriquets of the past heroes have a smack of familiarity. Everyone knows of "Punch" Fairs and the Grays and of Sir W. Hart Dyke. It is over six years since Latham was challenged, for the very good reason that he could give many points to anyone in England, and, until the late challenge, it was thought in America. There were some wonderful reports of Standing's improvement during the interval, and he is a younger man, but almost everyone who knew the game had faith in the English representative. They were fully justified. Though he has often played better, it was clear from the start that he possessed both more power and more resource than Standing. The latter managed to win the fourth game, but it seemed rather through coolness and considerable rashness on Latham's part, than any superior skill. In November Standing will be playing in his own court in New York, and will possibly run Latham close, but we have seen Latham win too often to feel any diffidence about the result.

The almost complete failure of this year's herring fishery has been already referred to in these columns, and considerable anxiety exists as to whether the diminution in the supply of these valuable food fishes is likely to be permanent. Opinions differ as to the causes of the decreased fishing results. Some authorities hold that the spawning grounds are disturbed and broken up by the steam trawlers, while others are of opinion that the greatly increased demand for whitebait, which are believed to be the fry of the herring and sprat, has had a great deal to do with it. Probably both causes may be responsible for this unfortunate state of things. The belief that whitebait are not young fish at all, but adults of a separate species, is held very strongly in some quarters, chiefly by interested parties, and it is reported that a well-known fisherman and scientific ichthyologist is making exhaustive researches to determine this most important point. The result of his enquiries will be most valuable, and will be received with much interest.

Having regard to the great value and importance of the herring as a food supply, it is singular how little is known of him and his habits. The absolute inaccessibility of his haunts is, of course, responsible for this state of things, and renders the study of the herring at home an impossibility. Herrings are known to spawn at two different seasons of the year, spring and autumn, but whether the same individuals spawn twice in the same year, or whether the spring and autumn spawners are two varieties of the same fish, is an interesting point which has never yet been determined. Even the various localities of the spawning grounds can be merely conjectured. One thing is certain—the herring has so many enemies that, unless the female was wonderfully prolific, this most valuable fish would soon become extinct altogether.

Cambridge have been giving witness of almost premature activity in the way of football. During the past week they have held successfully both the Freshmen's and Seniors' matches, before Oxford were even in residence. Perhaps as a rule no matches are quite so dull or ineffectual as these Freshmen's encounters. The teams are necessarily scratch, and it is almost impossible to arrange equal sides. As it turned out, however, this year the Seniors' match was even less interesting, mainly because the game was almost entirely confined to the forwards, and, though Carter, Cumberlege, and Black, all fulfilled the little that fell to them with considerable efficiency, none of the



three showed signs of proving quite effective substitutes for the three-quarters who have gone down. The most conspicuous forward on the field was undoubtedly Campbell, though, perhaps, conspicuousness is not always a desirable quality in a forward. He has, however, earned himself a trial, as, apart from other qualifications, he is one of those dangerous opponents who may place-kick a goal from almost any distance. Oxford will be getting into their stride during this week, but the freshmen will have to be a very strong contingent if the team are to prove a match for Cambridge on December 15th.

The record that Blackheath have put to their credit is beyond all precedent. Though all the clubs they have played boast at any rate a first-class name, they have not had a single point scored against them, and have themselves run up more than 140 points. The pace of the backs, and the excellence of Jacob at half, are mostly responsible for the heavy scoring. They are without doubt an unusually strong attacking team, but it remains that their defence has hardly been fairly tested up to date. Consequently their meeting with Newport at the end of the month will be watched with keenness, and will be a fairer test of their true merit. If their forwards turn out at all a match in weight and skill for the Welshmen, Blackheath should certainly win.

It is getting time for some London team to prove a match for those of the Principality. No team other than Blackheath have any chance of this distinction. The glory of the London Scottish seems in a measure to have departed, and they experience great difficulty in inducing their better players to take the field. On Saturday last they only just managed again to avoid defeat—by a lucky dropped goal—against such a comparatively unskilful club as Kensington. A. R. Smith, the Oxford captain, appeared at three-quarters, but was scarcely given a chance of touching the ball. There were no other important matches except in Wales, and it is difficult at this distance to feel a keen interest in the victory of Cardiff over such an unspeakable place as Llwynypia, though, indicative of the cause of Welsh superiority, a crowd immensely larger than a Rugby match often draws in London assembled to witness the game.

The county teams are already becoming busy, in hope to wrest the supremacy from Kent. Somerset held a trial match, which was exceptionally fast, and gave promise of a much improved county team. In the North, Cheshire and Lancashire, two very keen rivals, met, and proved as equal as teams well could be. In the end, Lancashire were adjudged to have won by 11 points to 10, or a goal and three tries to two goals (dropped) and two tries. The verdict again discloses the strange want of uniformity as well as the strained conventionality of the method of scoring. According to the method of the Rugby Union, Cheshire would have avoided defeat, and certainly the Northern Union make a mistake in unduly depreciating drop-kicking, which is the most natural as well as the prettiest part of the game.

It looks at present as if Ireland will be without a good many of last year's Rugby Internationals. Forrest is married and goes to India soon; Rooke, the wing forward who annoys the opposing halves so much, is leaving for Canada, *en route* for Klondike, early in spring; Lindsay has retired, and L. M. Magee is in Edinburgh at the Veterinary College there. So several places will have to be filled.

On paper few things are more dull than the qualifying rounds of the Amateur Association Cup, from which all clubs of any fame are exempted, but the local interest aroused is very considerable, and the list of entries increases yearly—an excellent sign of keenness, but a fact which makes the early stages very long drawn out. The most interesting match promised in the near future was between the Corinthian South African team and the Old Carthusians, but unfortunately it has fallen through. Some members refused to return from the Cape, some are busy, and many are playing elsewhere, so that, after all, their great record will remain unattacked. By the temporary evanescence of the Corinthians, the Casuals have been able to greatly strengthen their team. On Saturday last they managed to beat their professional antagonists, Sheppey United, mostly through the excellence of that almost inseparable Oxford pair of players, G. O. Smith and W. Oakley. They both showed clearly that they will again be seen in the International matches.

Not since the decay of Berkeley has so good a coursing meeting been held in Gloucestershire as that at Kingscote last week. It would, indeed, appear that the sport has taken a new lease of life, for not only was far much more plentiful than has been the case for years, but the arrangements were far ahead of what visitors to the meeting had become almost reconciled to. Sir

Nigel Kingscote is a good patron, and as the shooting tenant, Mr. J. A. Berners, has interested himself in the future of the fixture, there is not much doubt that under the new *régime* this out-of-the-way gathering will speedily become one of importance. The tenancy of Mr. Elias Hobbs, who has acted as hon. secretary for nine years, expires before next season, and it is understood that a programme including four thirty-two dog stakes will be issued as a send-off by the new management. Could the railway be brought a little nearer—for Kingscote is locally described as six miles from anywhere—the meeting would speedily become the most popular in the West of England. The South Wales and Berkshire kennels were well represented, and although that good sportsman, Mr. J. Hanks of Ramsbury, raised several flags with his useful Rhymes—Arches brace, the best performer out was the Cirencester bitch, Mother's Choice, one of the Halstead—Rushey Platt stock, very hard to beat over open country. Of the puppies, Jubilee Lass and Merch-y-Fellten, dividers of the Hunters' Hall Stakes, were the most promising.

Although interfered with by inclement weather, the resuscitated Hornby Castle meeting drew one of the largest attendances ever seen at a Yorkshire reunion. The whole of the Northern Counties supplied their quota of coursing enthusiasts, and the Duke of Leeds, who personally arranged the fixture, must have been quite as gratified as was Mr. Tom Snowdon, secretary of the North of England Club, under whose auspices the meeting was held. None of the stakes were run out, although the meeting extended into the third day, and very great satisfaction was expressed that the Duke of Leeds, after his ill-luck this summer in losing his best brace, participated in two divisions, Look in the Glass and Lang Syne being dividers in the Hornby Castle Derby and Hackworth Stakes respectively. The former is full of promise, and in his first trial led quite half-a-dozen lengths. He subsequently showed great cleverness, and will, no doubt, make a useful addition to the Hornby kennel. One of the best, if not actually the best, performers seen out at the meeting was Mr. H. Bednal's Best Wish, a Freshman bitch, litter sister to Mr. W. Taylor's brace that ran so well at Massereene Park. She ran all her trials with very great fire, and eventually divided with the Messrs. Fawcett's nomination, Fire Flash. The Scottish campaign opened at Lockerbie, the feature of the meeting being the forward running of Messrs. Heslop's The Nigger, seen out at Witham a month ago.

Lacrosse was in full swing in the South of England on Saturday last, all the chief clubs having matches. In most teams new men were tried, and the results seem to show that the strength of the best teams will be fully maintained this season, while the scoring generally was sufficiently close to give promise of keen competition in divisional and flag matches later on. West London, always to the fore in advancing the Canadian game, played an exhibition match at the Abbey School, High Wycombe, in which they defeated Croydon by 10 goals to 5. Surbiton's first match was against Barnet, and the latter were beaten on their own ground by 6 goals to 3. Blackheath visited Snaresbrook, and played well against their strong opponents, who only won by 8 goals to 4. Woodford and Hampstead had a hard struggle, the former winning by 5 goals to 3. Catford met Clapham in a divisional game, and, although playing on the latter's ground, won rather easily by 7 goals to 1. There will, I understand, be several exhibition lacrosse matches played this season on the ground of the new Sheen House Cycling Club, the first being to-day (Saturday), between West London and Surbiton, the two most prominent clubs in the South. Sheen House might easily become a good centre for the game, as lacrosse would provide the members with a thoroughly sporting amateur pastime during the winter.

HIPPIAS.

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

LADY EDITH VILLIERS, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, is the only daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and is a year and a-half the junior of her only brother, Lord Hyde, who will come of age next June. Her mother, who was eldest daughter of the third Earl of Normanton, died in 1894. The Rev. H. Montagu Villiers, the well-known vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, who has done so much to render that church one of the most beautiful in the world, is her uncle. Her father has been Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen since 1895. Her grandfather, the late Earl, had a distinguished career in statesmanship and diplomacy, having been Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary at the Court of Madrid, Lord Privy Seal, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Lord-Lieutenant and Secretary of State at various times.

## The Plas Machynlleth Harriers

THE eccentric conduct of one of the matrons of the Plas Machynlleth Harriers was commented on and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE a fortnight back. In connection therewith, a correspondent has sent the accompanying illustration of the master, Lord Henry Vane-Tempest, with his hounds. The pack consists of ten couple of 18in. harriers, and was established just 100 years ago. It has now been hunted by three generations of the Plas Machynlleth family. Sir John Edwards, Bart., was the first master, who was succeeded by his son-in-law, the fifth Marquis of Londonderry, K.P. The present master is a grandson of Sir John Edwards, Lord Henry Vane-Tempest, who has hunted the pack since the death of his father thirteen years ago. The kennels are at the Plas, and the pack hunts two days a week over the Montgomeryshire and Merionethshire mountains, which border the river Doney. Scent is usually good, hares running strong and being plentiful. The sport is extremely popular in the district. Should a follower of the hunt be unused to mountaineering, and find himself physically incapable of further following the fast vanishing pack, he can rest upon the heathery mountain top and find consolation in the contemplation of some of the most beautiful scenery in North Wales.

criticise; he talked sad nonsense about "Scenes from Clerical Life"; and the transcendent merits of Thackeray did not—it is difficult to see why—impress themselves upon him at first sight. But if he missed opportunities of securing many things that were good, he and his successors very seldom made the mistake, which is a great deal worse in its consequences, of publishing that which is poor. Mæcenas, indeed, he was not, for he had a shrewd eye to the main chance always, even at a time when publishers were bold and venturesome in their speculations. But his dealings were honourable, and while, for his reasons, he was obliged to study the public taste, his literary ideals were high, and he was an educator of the public mind as well as a purveyor of literature. The world owes a great deal to the house of Blackwood; and Mrs. Oliphant has stated the account in interesting detail.

I note with indignation and amusement combined that some persons have chosen the appearance of the Blackwood volumes as an occasion for reviving the ancient and sordid feud between the authors and the publishers. We are told to observe the manner in which, while authors starve, great publishers are able to buy country seats and to live in luxurious ease. Now really the number of successful publishers is very small indeed. To name them were invidious; but everybody who knows anything of the publishing trade is well aware that it is full of risks, and that the last few years have seen houses that possessed a great reputation fall into the abyss of bankruptcy. Musing on this point, I observe that "Gyp"—that most fascinating of French writers and most courteous of women (I have a characteristic and autograph acknowledgment by her of an appreciative review)—has purchased out of her earnings the ancestral Château de Mirabeau. I am fresh from the reading of the Tennyson memoir. Surely his pen and poetic inspiration produced, in the long run, great reward in the dross which has its uses. Almost at the same moment I note that Mrs. Humphry Ward is able to be nobly philanthropic on the proceeds of a small number of books



Photo. Pearce,

THE MASTER WITH THE PACK.

Machynlleth.

## LITERARY NOTES.

HAVING found publishers more than satisfactory in all their dealings with me—an experience which does not seem to be universal—I looked forward with much eagerness to the two volumes upon the growth and permanence of the house of Blackwood from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant; and anticipation has by no means ended in disappointment when realisation came, for they are delightful reading from beginning to end. For a moment, however, doubt has assailed me. For the men who have their life's occupation in Literature, the story of the making of the great publishing establishment, and of the men who helped to build it up, cannot fail to possess a deep personal interest. But how about the general public? Will they care for what is, after all is said and done, a beautifully-written tale of the literary shop? The answer is that the idea of publishing these volumes had its origin in the mind of the late Mr. Blackwood, and was taken up heartily by the present head of the house. Now the Blackwoods have one hereditary quality which has made them what they are. They have something akin to a special instinct which tells them what the public will like and buy; and they have published these volumes. Unless something extraordinary has occurred, then, the annals of the great Scotch publishers will interest the public at large as well as the men of letters.

Mrs. Oliphant's last labour of love, with which I hope to deal at greater length some day, has the paramount virtue of frankness. She has not attempted to draw a veil over the mistakes of the founder of the house, or to idolise him into a Scottish Mæcenas. He did make mistakes. He wanted to edit Scott, when he half-knew that Scott was the man whom he presumed to

which some cruel men called dull, books, too, which command no sale now. If the Wizard of the North was compelled to wage a cruel war against fate at the end of his life, his earnings were still prodigious. And our modern young men and women, it seems to me, have very little to complain about. Have the publishers treated amiss such writers as Miss Marie Corelli, Madame Sarah Grand, Mr. "Anthony Hope," Mr. "Seton Merriman," Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Stanley Weyman, and a score more besides? I trow not, and, at the worst, I can pump up no sympathy for the men and women who, having entered into contracts, pity themselves afterwards without ceasing. But I have much sympathy for the men who lost their all in the collapse of W. H. Allen and Co., or that of Griffith and Farran.

The truth of the matter is that certain rare gifts go to the making of a great publisher, and one sees them in the letters of the Blackwoods and the Murrays. He must have strong personality, and the power of inspiring good writers with personal regard. Keeping an eye on the market, which is determined by the public taste, he must still remain critical in his judgment of letters, and he must retain a regard for the dignity of literature. His individuality must be displayed in the books which he publishes, so that whosoever takes up one of his books shall do so in the confidence that he will find in it a special merit. Of the many-sidedness of the great publisher's character Mrs. Oliphant's book presents a very interesting picture. Forbye that, to be Scottish in talking of a great Edinburgh product, the brotherhood of Maga have always been a brilliant company whose history was worthy to be written. It has been written worthily.

LOOKER-ON.



## POINTERS: Perfect and at School.—II.

IN the first of these two articles there was no room to say anything of the comparative merits of shooting over dogs and of walking birds up or having them driven. If anything had been said, it would have been by way of deprecating any comparison at all. I have always been puzzled, and at times exasperated, at men's inveterate habit of attempting to institute a sort of competition of pastimes or sports totally different in their character, and each of them excellent and pleasant. Let me illustrate. Where the grouse are very numerous, or there is a great stock of partridges on a manor, the use of dogs is purposeless. Nor is it to be denied that, where driving is possible, the practice of it not only calls for great skill in him who wields the guns, but tends to healthy condition among the stock that is left to breed. On the other hand, there are still tracts of country on which driving is impracticable, and always will be, because cover is abundant and birds are none too numerous.

In districts of this character use must be made of pointers or setters if birds are to be found at all. For my own part, I deem it a sound rule in life, particularly in matters relating to sports and pastimes, to cultivate a catholic capacity for enjoyment. The pleasures of bringing down driven grouse and partridges and high-flying pheasants are of one kind, and to have them in full a man must possess skill and quickness in an extraordinary degree. Of quite another kind is the joy of seeing the pointers quarter the ground with geometrical precision, of watching now this dog and now that inhale the first whiff of scent, of coming up to the point, and of making quick selection of birds from the whirring covey. The wise man seizes every



Photo. by C. Reid.

THE OLD DOG LEADS THE WAY.

Copyright.

opportunity of innocent enjoyment, and troubles not his brain with comparisons. Enough, therefore, for our present purpose is it to know that there is still shooting ground in England, Scotland, and Ireland where men must shoot over dogs, and that the gentle art of training dogs—thank goodness it does grow more gentle every year—is in no danger of falling into decay.

What, then, is the manner of training a pointer? To begin with, the breeder must have some consideration for the trainer when he mates his dogs. Shape and form are important matters, of course. No sportsman likes to shoot over monstrosities, and there is the more reason for following shape and form in that the ideal shape of the pointer is that of a dog so formed as to perform to perfection the pointer's work in the field. But attention should also be paid to character, for nothing is more certain than that among dogs, as among men, character is hereditary. Every dog



Photo. by C. Reid.

AT SCHOOL ON THE MOOR.

Copyright.

has his own individuality, and it is obvious to every observer that the little ways of the sire are reproduced in the offspring. Putting aside the consideration of the show-bench, I would rather mate a dam with a sire whom I knew to be staunch and trustworthy in the field than to a champion of champions whom I had never seen quarter the heather on the stubbles. When attention is paid to character in breeding, the trainer's work is half done for him by Nature, in advance. And it is but natural that this should be the case. The pointer's rigid attitude is but the emphasised exaggeration of the sudden pause, the prelude to a spring, which all dogs make when they first become aware of the immediate vicinity of game. Look at the spaniel hunting rabbits amid the tussocks of grass, or among scattered whin bushes. In nine cases out of ten he will pause for a second or two before he rushes headlong into the thicket. In like manner I have known a collie bitch (she was more than commonly acute) to point sufficiently long to be of substantial assistance in shooting. The pointer's habit is this pause magnified by many diameters, and transmitted from generation to generation. But among pointers, as among men, there will be found from time to time beautiful but brainless individuals. Strictly considered, these are not pointers at all, but the mere images of them, and it is a pity to permit them to reproduce their species; but, so long as prizes are given and high prices are paid for looks alone, the evil will continue.

When attention has been paid to character in breeding, it will usually be found that the pointer puppies, as soon as they have found their noses, will point naturally—and with surprising steadiness, considering that they are untaught—at the very first lesson. But, notwithstanding all that heredity has done for the trainer, there is a vast amount of education to be imparted to the young dog before he is fit to take his place in the field. At this point it has to be observed, with much satisfaction, that the process of training is now far more humane than was usual in



Photo, by C. Reid.

"FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE."

Copyright.

former days. The very phraseology of the kennel bears witness to this grateful tendency. One hears much of dog-trainers and little of dog-breakers. Kindness has, to a large extent, replaced the cruel whip, and judicious rewards have been found to be no less effectual for good than brutal castigation. I would fain be plain on this matter. When a dog is thoroughly trained, and knows the difference between right and wrong, then, if he sins deliberately, by breaking fence, or failing to down-charge, or running in, punished he must be, and it is not wise to let the punishment be a mere trifle. But to punish a dog for doing wrong before he knows the difference between right and wrong is unjust and unreasonable. The first thing to teach him is obedience, and the easiest lesson to impress upon him is that of keeping to heel at command. This is the simplest matter in the world. Dogs understand gesture even better than language. Call the puppy back until he is in the required position, walk forward keeping the corner of your eye upon him, and, whenever he attempts to break away, spread out the hand with a backward motion, and a substantial result will be visible even during the first lesson. "Down-charge," again, is easily instilled, mainly



Photo, by C. Reid.

ALMOST PERFECT.

Copyright.



by gesture of the hand held upwards. Free ranging is another matter. Where ground is extensive and game plentiful, many sportsmen, who know their business, allow the young dogs under tuition to chase freely at first; others pursue the opposite method. Words of encouragement will do a great deal. In inculcating quartering, or scientific ranging of the ground, I strongly advocate complete avoidance of shouting and a very sparing use of the whistle. All noise in the shooting-field is to be deprecated, especially when birds are wild, and the whistle should be reserved for critical moments, as when a dog attempts to break fence. The truth of the matter is that the dog looks naturally to his master for instructions, and that a wave of the arm, in this direction or in that, is what he understands most readily. The shepherd on the hills makes much use of gesture, and is understood at great distances; the wise dog-trainer does likewise, and he succeeds, like the shepherd, because the dogs are always with him and have learned to rely upon him. Lastly, all dogs, and pointers and setters in particular, are born imitators, and the illustrations plainly show how advantage may be taken of this tendency. After the first few lessons a steady old dog should always be taken out with the puppy, who will look up to him with a reverence which is almost ludicrous.

From the veteran the novice will learn not only to down-charge, but also to back, which is an important lesson and difficult to instil. As I watch the old dogs and the young, I often think that I see in the old stager's attitude a recognition of the responsibility of his position, and surely, sometimes, particularly when the youngster is chained to him, there passes from the elder to the younger a whisper in canine language of advice, or encouragement, or reproof. It may be observed that of positive directions for training few are given; but it is for good reason. The beginning of all training is that the man should acquire personal influence over the dog—with it he can accomplish almost anything; without it he will reach no success; everything depends upon it. There are, however, some golden rules. First, if possible, train your own dogs for yourself, exercising great patience and self-control. Secondly, so far as may be, avoid all appliances such as the check-cord and the spiked collar; the first is sometimes inevitable, but the second is an outrage. Thirdly, work upon the hope of reward for motive rather than the fear of punishment. Lastly, never, without the most searching enquiry, place your dogs in the hands of a professional breaker at a distance, for of breakers many are hideously cruel, and will break the spirit of a dog.

AUCEPS.

## A DAY IN THE "SHAWS."—I.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

FAIRLIGHT FARM.

Copyright—"C.L."

THE Meet is at Fairlight Farm. Now this is not one of those great shoots of which our scribes write under the name of "battues." We shall not kill pheasants by thousands, nor even by hundreds, so if you are one of those who cannot be content with a day's sport that does not reckon its bag by centuries, you had better go home at once. It is no place for you. For all that you will find, by the time the day is done—if you decide to see it through—that, counting in hares and rabbits and a pigeon or two, we shall just about make up our bag to the round hundred, and that with pheasants forming the biggest quota.

We are especially handicapped by the season. We do not quarrel with the season—far from it. We are not such inveterate slayers that we cannot appreciate the delight to the eye of the summer foliage clinging manfully to the branches—scarcely turning, even, to its autumnal tints—in spite of a few nights of sharpish frost that we have experienced. There has been a little frost in course of the night that has just passed,

leaving a delightful freshness in the air, a freshness that will send the pheasant flying, with eager wings and vigorous muscle, out of the haze that is still clinging to the ground and undergrowth, up into the clear blue of the sky overhead. The birds will fly well; and in this connection it may be said that there is no bird that can afford such good and sporting shots, and no bird, on the other hand, that can, on occasion, give such wretched, uninteresting shots, as the pheasant. High flying, with a good "curl" in his flight, out of some of those hillside coverts of Devon or Wales, there is no bird that makes such a glorious mark. Poking out of the end of a covert, low flying, with feathers sodden by wet, there is no mode of shooting more deadly dull than the killing of the same bird under such conditions. It ceases to be sport at all, and justifies the very worst that Ouida or any of the well-meaning critics of "battue shooting," as they choose to call it, may be pleased to say of it.

So, after this little homily, let us decide on our course of

action for to-day. It is hopeless to try to shoot the big wood, the covert is too thick, too much leaf—we should never see the birds. But this has been an early season, the birds are strong, they will have wandered far from their home wood, and we may expect to find many of them—cock birds especially—out in the big "shaws" that, in this county of Sussex, give such excellent outlying covert. It is always well to get among the cocks, if possible, pretty early in the season; for if you do not get them then they are very likely to stray farther afield, so that it becomes very doubtful whether you will ever see them or bring them to bag at all. They get dreadfully strong and wily as the season advances and they have experienced the terrors that go with the report of a gun. These so-called "shaws," it may be explained for the benefit of the uninitiated, are a species of big broad straggling fence, much overgrown by brushwood and small hedge growth, an utter waste of agricultural area, from the strictly utilitarian point of view, but a charming feature in a country of which most of the features are charming and beautiful, and a splendid place of resort for all the wild things of the earth, for pheasants, for the resting of partridges, for the shelter of hares and rabbits, to say nothing of innumerable small birds that the law is endeavouring, with quaint inadequacy, to protect. So what could we do better, under the circumstances of dense foliage in the woods, than hunt out these "shaws" for what they may be worth, hunting them back, rather, towards the big wood, so that later, when the leaf has fallen, we may perhaps find there some of those birds that are very certain to escape us to-day. Thus the plan of campaign is fairly settled, and off we go for the "shaws." There is a certain nervous excitement about the behaviour of the younger members of the party—a tendency to get on ahead, as if the day were going to be too short for all that had to be done in it—and a similar spirit of eager unrest apparent in the dogs—a brace of wise retrievers that accompany us—all signs that, though we have already shot a few partridges, we are still only just at the beginning of the covert shooting season. Desperately thick the "shaws" look when we come to them—it is very evident that we could have done no good in the bigger coverts. Beaters and dogs have considerable work in forcing their way through them. They are wringing wet, too, with the dewdrops on every leaf and blade, so that in a short while all gaiters are turning to a darker complexion as they soak, and the coats of the retrievers do not curl quite so closely as at the start.

But now there has been a rush and a scurry, and a cry of



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

ON THE WAY TO THE "SHAWS."

Copyright—"C.L."

"COCK FORWARD!" and presently up rises a brilliant bird, his plumage gleaming in the sunshine as he meets it, floating out of the mist. This is the sort of spot that we like to begin with early in the day, while we are still a little doubtful of the pace of the bird, and of the swing to put on our gun. Thank you, Mr. Pheasant, that will do very nicely. Now you are about at the right range—it is no good putting up the gun till we are ready to salute you. That is it. "Bang!" and he comes down, that glorious vision of life and beauty, a crumbled dead mass. Well, this is no time for sentimental reflection; creatures that are good for food have to be killed, unless one is to embrace the creed of the Buddhist. There can be no more merciful death than that this creature has suffered, killed, like a stone, in the midst of his splendid life and flight, with scarcely time to cast a glance of remorse back at the errors of his past life. It is at least very certain that if there was no shooting there would not be a pheasant alive in England to-day; so, if pheasant life is a desirable thing in the scheme of Nature, shooting rather preserves than destroys it. But, for the moment, as this particular pheasant comes crashing down into the brushwood of the "shaw," one's most conscious feeling is one of intense thankfulness that one has not missed the bird thus offering itself as a remarkably easy mark before the eyes of the whole shooting party, for it is just this sort of bird, perhaps more than any other, that one is peculiarly liable to miss, partly because there is no possible excuse for missing it, and no glory to be gained by its kill, but also because such a bird is very apt to tempt you to dwell on your aim, to "poke," to wait on him, and not to pull trigger until he has passed the circle that your shot will cleave in the air. In a word, you are likely to miss the shot simply because it is such an easy one. "Likely" to miss is, perhaps, too much to say, but there is always the possibility of such a miss, with the inevitable accompaniment of your comrades' laughter if you do miss; so, on the whole, you are glad enough to see him come down, cleanly killed, among the bushes.

And now that he is successfully knocked down, the next question is to pick him up. It is not likely to be so simple. The bushes are very thick—it is A BAD PLACE FOR RETRIEVING. Already we have had occasion to see that it is not a very excellent scenting day, for the dogs have almost run over a rabbit in its form, where a beater has clubbed it without remorse. And now they begin to hunt about for this pheasant, without any immediate success in finding it. The truth is that the scent is poor; it is an illusive quality, this quality of the atmosphere that carries scent well and far to the wonderfully acute perceptions of the dogs' nostrils. But though this matter of scent is one of those "that no fellow can understand," still the most commonplace of us can under-



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

COCK FORWARD!

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



stand this much—that it cannot be much help to a dog, in scenting, to have his nose covered over with a sort of adhesive plaister of spider's web. And this is practically the case with our poor dogs this beautiful October morning. For it is part of its glory and beauty that the grass blades are acting as scaffolding poles to an immense—world-wide, as it seems—network of gossamer web, on which the little spiders have been launching themselves through the light airs of the morning. These have now settled down, heavy with condensed vapour, on the grass blades, and as the dogs have nosed their way through them the tiny, but multitudinous, webs have made a delicately close muffler for their nostrils. No wonder the poor things cannot find the pheasant. But you have marked him down pretty closely, and he is stone dead; so, after a little searching, the united exertions of men and dogs are rewarded, and he is picked up and put into the bag. On again, now, and gradually, as we work the "shaw" closer up to the big wood, the shooting grows more frequent; for, if we are wise, we shall have put some sort of a stop—either a heading gun, or a boy to lie in the ditch and beat a couple of sticks together, or merely, it may be, a bit of white paper stuck up to frighten the creatures and prevent them running into the wood without giving us a shot. Sometimes it is a hare that makes out quietly; then, as she realises what it is all about, puts back her ears and makes a bolt for it across the field, until a good shot, well forward, bowls her over, and the retriever goes for her, and brings her back, with his tail wagging with appreciation. Or, maybe, it is a rabbit that comes out of the hedge with a scurry, runs a yard or two along the field, and then, if we do not take him sharply, whips back into the "shaw" again.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

## A GOOD SHOT.

Copyright—"C.L."

Or, maybe, it is a brace of partridges—more likely, perhaps, a barren pair than a covey—that has taken refuge here, and rises with a "whirr" that is rather disturbing in its quick abruptness, after we have accustomed ourselves to the more dignified methods of the pheasant. But pheasants form the chief features all along, giving all kinds of shots, from the simplest to the most difficult, but most of them winging their way above the "shaw" towards the wood, where the heading gun may perhaps get them.

That was A GOOD SHOT that someone made at a low bird going over the fence like a blackbird. It was safe enough, for he is a shot that may be relied on, but one would not like to see every shooter that one goes out with practising at these low shots. One has to know exactly where one means to shoot to take them with any safety; but what a pretty shot it is, as the bird drops, stone dead, just across the fence. There is no

trouble about finding him, for he is out in the field. But already one has gone back through the "shaw"—a runner. We will go and fetch him, if possible, with the guns afterwards. At present we will just push this out to the end—that is to say, to the gateway that divides it from the big wood—then we will turn again, very likely putting out some fur or feathers that we overran before, and then, after going quickly down the "shaw" a second time, we may leave this one and go off to another. Here the same tactics will have something of a like result, and, with a shot or two chanced on as we walk across, we may carry on the day until the evening.

It is beginning to get dark early, the mists gather over the earth, the sun goes down redly—all looks for a repetition of last night's frost before morning; it is not for many weeks longer that we shall have to regret, or to admire, the leaf on our coverts.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

## A BAD PLACE FOR RETRIEVING.

Copyright—"C.L."

## CYCLING NOTES.

IT is never a very agreeable duty for a pious Briton to have to praise a thing of foreign manufacture at the possible expense of one made at home. Again and again, too, in these notes has stress been laid on the superior durability of the British-made over the American bicycle, and we have been able to find sincere pity for the British manufacturer, who has to endure all the severity of American competition over here, while he is forbidden, by prohibitive duties, from meeting the American fairly in the United States market. But while the tyre war is waging so fiercely on this side the water,

and the leading company, that stands in the position of a monopolist, is forcing up the prices of British-made pneumatic tyres, it is no less than a plain duty owed to the cycling public to point out at once the cheapness and the excellence of the single tube tyres that are fitted on some of the American machines. The first and most obvious objection to be made to these single tube tyres is that, being unprotected by any outside casing, it is reasonable to suppose them so much the more pervious to puncture. The presumption is reasonable, but it is not confirmed by experience. The experience, both personal to the writer and

of others whom he has consulted, unites to show that these are well-wearing tyres, that in point of fact their liability to puncture is not greater than that of the double tubed species, and, finally, that the mending of a puncture, if it should occur, can be far more easily, and equally efficaciously, performed on them than on the detachable tyres of British make. The operation of inserting the little fid that spreads itself out, umbrella-wise, and is kept closely in position, partly through the aid of the pressure of the air, when the tyre is again inflated, is one that requires no strength, no effort, and a very moderate deftness of fingers to accomplish. It is certainly in no hostile spirit to British manufacture that these remarks are made, and our faith is as strong as ever in the superiority of the British-made machine, but the effort that is being exerted to put up to a height altogether unfair and disproportionate to the cost of their production the price of home-made pneumatic tyres makes such plain speaking necessary, both in the interests of the great cycling public, and also, ultimately, of the cycle-making industry itself in this country. It is not only a selfish, but even a suicidal policy, that is being pursued in a certain most powerful quarter, and one which is likely, if it be persisted in, to drive the cyclist to look more and more to America for the supply of his machines, and to injure the cycle-making industry in this country.

We have always thought that the Americans study lightness too much, and to the exclusion of more important qualities, in their roadster machines, and we are of that opinion still, and think, too, that this extreme study of lightness is part of the reason that their machines are less durable than ours. Another reason is that the quality of material is less good; but there is a certain stamp of machine—the path-racer—in which it is impossible that any but the best material can be used. With anything lower than the best they would be absolutely dangerous mounts. The American craze for lightness has this advantage at least—that it has taught their makers where they may safely economise weight in a machine, and the points at which it is all-important to make the machine strong. The result is that their path-racers are very good—very much better, relatively, than their roadsters, and so much better, both in plan and in execution, that several riders of our acquaintance prefer the American racer to the American roadster even for roadwork over here. “If you want an American machine,” they would say, “for your ordinary work, choose a racer rather than a roadster. Be sure that it is well up to your weight, and you will thus gain a few extra pounds in lightness, and will have a better machine at a lower cost.” This is the substance of what most riders tell us after a fairly exhaustive trial of the merits of American makes. They do not say “Try an American,” but only, “If you try an American, try a path-racer.” And this is a piece of counsel that may be found very useful if the excessive price of home-made pneumatic tyres ends by forcing us to consider the claims of imported cycles.

And now, according to the contrary nature of things in this life, just at the moment that one has done jotting down the remarks above, a friend looks in to

complain of the great difficulty he has found in mending a punctured single tube. He worked at it himself, next sent it to sundry professionals, and finally had to send it to the shop of its makers before he could get it put satisfactorily to rights. So it seems that this patching of the single tube tyres must be one of those things that, if it does not come right at once, persists in going perpetually wrong. Either that is so, or else the explanation is that our friend had rather unskilful fingers. One cannot trust the professional verdict when it is dealing with a matter even an inch out of its own groove.

But, in the meanwhile, single tubes are certainly the exception, and it may not be amiss to point out a certain little mistake or oversight that novices are very apt to make in mending the puncture pierced by a thorn in the double tubed tyre. They take off the outer case, and mend the hole in the inner one, having detected its locality by the bubbling of the tyre held under water—all in the orthodox way. And then they begin to put the tyres on again, and think they have done all that was needed; whereas, in reality, there is one little point—and often a very salient little point—that they have neglected altogether. They have not withdrawn the thorn from the outer covering. Of course, if the head of the thorn is sticking out aggressively on the outside of the outer case, they will pull or break this off; but this is really a matter of less importance. What they are likely to have forgotten to do—and it is a sin of omission that is the cause of many a puncture, after the original one has been perfectly repaired—is to pass their finger round the inside of the outer tube to discover whether there be not, sticking from it, the point of the thorn, invisible from the outside, but yet quite sufficient to bore another hole in the delicate inner skin. The finger's voyage of discovery does not take more than a second or two to perform, and may save the subsequent labour of an hour.

Before this, in these notes, we have expressed an opinion strongly in favour of riding with toe-clips. Certainly they are a help and no source of danger to a man, and certainly, too, a help, and scarcely a danger, to a woman. The latter's skirts, however, fly one knows not where, and every occasion of catching them is a remote additional risk. But whatever one's view may be of clips, there can be one opinion only about the extreme danger of strapping the feet to the pedals. If this rather novel practice were confined to the race-track it would be bad enough, and to the professional record-breakers; but it has actually occurred to the writer to see it followed even in an amateur gymkhana, where the prizes were of the box of chocolate order. If people realised the risks they run they certainly would not “go through so much to learn so little,” as Mr. Weller, the elder, said to his son on a certain famous occasion. Though, in truth, if what they were likely to learn was a trifle, it would be better for them, whereas it is more than likely to be the sensation of a broken limb. A man who rode a steeplechase with his feet fastened to the stirrups would be courting his end no less surely than the cycle racer who straps himself to his pedals, so that when the crash comes he has no chance of falling free of the machinery. And sooner or later the crash always does come. Even Huret fell on the track the other day.

## PUBLIC SCHOOL CRICKET.—I. Eton.



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UPPER SHOOTING FIELDS.

Copyright

THE record of the Eton Eleven for last year and for this is a very similar one. Last season they won four matches, drew six, and lost two, while during this summer they again won four games, but they were beaten three times, and only three matches were unfinished. There was, however, one very important difference between these records which mere statistics do not show. In 1896 time, in all probability, prevented

Eton from beating Harrow, but this year, had the game been finished, Harrow would inevitably have beaten Eton. The fact that the Eton and Harrow match has not been brought to a definite conclusion since 1893 has made some people wish to see the game extended to three days, while others have proposed that the match shall be removed from Lord's and played alternately at Eton and Harrow. Fruitful in suggestion as enthusiasts



often are, they have not in this case had the pleasure of seeing either of their suggestions adopted, and it can only be hoped that the conservative policy which has been chosen may be justified by conclusive results.

Eton had seven of last year's team available this summer—counting E. F. Penn, who was twelfth man in 1896—and as these seven included F. H. Mitchell and G. Tryon who had bowled well, and H. C. Pilkington and Robin Lubbock who had batted well, the prospects at the beginning of the season were very bright. But the team never realised the expectations formed of them, for although they were far from being a bad side, they were disappointing on several occasions, and failed to win either of their school matches. They were a good batting side, and several of the batsmen were well up to the standard of an ordinary Eton Eleven, but they were in great need of a really good bowler, as it was in the attack that they were so palpably weak. The fielding of the side varied considerably, but was generally very good, and at Lord's, although, perhaps, the Harrovians were the smarter of the two elevens, little fault could be found with the fielding of the Eton boys.

In spite of the fact that the Eleven did not appear to any



Mr. A. D. LEGARD.

great advantage in their school matches, they showed that they were quite capable of beating some strong sides. They defeated New College by 47 runs, the scores being—Eton, 189, New College, 142. In this game A. D. Legard, who captained the Eleven during the season, made 46, and G. Tryon got four wickets. Against Liverpool the Eleven made a most creditable draw, R. Johnson and C. H. B. Marsham being the highest scorers for the boys. F. H. Mitchell was very successful with lobs, getting four wickets for 25 runs, while E. F. Penn got three for 33. The Etonians also beat the Free Foresters fairly easily, Cadogan and

Legard playing well for the school, but against Winchester the Eleven failed to do themselves justice. On a soft wicket

the Etonians could only make 89 and 122, and were beaten by just over 50 runs. C. H. Browning was the only batsman who was in any way fortunate, and he made 12 and 25 not out. As Browning was the wicket-keeper of the team, and was not expected to make many runs, his success was noteworthy. But if the Eton batting failed against Winchester, the same cannot be said of their bowling. G. Robarts, indeed, bowled capitally, and in the match got ten Wykehamists out for 52 runs, while G. L. Tryon took six wickets for 77. These performances hardly prepared one for the breakdown in attack at Lord's.



Mr. H. C. PILKINGTON.

The Eleven also did a very good performance in beating the I Zingari, 226 and 207 being the totals. In this match R. Lubbock, F. H. Mitchell, and E. P. Penn were all in good form, and made 140 runs among them. At Lord's Eton felt the need of a reliable bowler; they had two or three bowlers of moderate abilities, and in the first innings F. H. Mitchell bowled with great pluck, and thoroughly deserved his excellent figures of seven wickets for 64. He also bowled well in the second innings, but if it had not been for him the Harrow totals would probably have reached leviathan proportions. The fielding, when one has taken into consideration the kind of bowling which the Etonians indulged in, was worthy of praise, and a good deal of the batting was quite good. It was a pleasure to see H. C. Pilkington, who was not in the best of luck this year, making runs again, and F. H. Mitchell, G. Robarts, A. D. Legard, and R. Lubbock all played well against the Harrovian bowling.

The bowling averages are headed by G. Robarts, who has taken 25 wickets at an average of 12.92 per wicket, and he is followed by F. H. Mitchell and G. L. Tryon, but no member of the team has succeeded in taking 30 wickets during the season. F. H. Mitchell, who alone made a century for the Eleven, is top of the batting averages, and A. D. Legard, who was the most consistent scorer on the side, is second. H. C. Pilkington's average was 27 last year, but this year it fell to 14.



Photo. by C. Hussey,

THE ETON AND WINCHESTER MATCH.

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There can, however, be no doubt that when Pilkington is in his best form he is a very fine batsman, with an excellent style, and it is to be hoped he may be in great form next year, when it is understood that he will be captain of the Eleven. Of the remaining batsmen, Lubbock did well occasionally, and when Penn made runs he made them very well.

It is probable that the Etonians will have an uphill task

next season, as six or seven of their Eleven will not be available; but whatever difficulties are in their path, they may be expected to overcome them to a great extent, for Eton very seldom has a bad side, and there is certainly no reason why the Eleven of 1898 should not be at least as good as many of the teams which Eton has sent up to Lord's during the last few years.

C. T. S.

## COUNTRY HOMES: Hardwick Hall.—I.

THOSE spacious times in which men had lost the need of battlement and tower, of drawbridge and window narrowly barred, are admirably exemplified in Hardwick Hall. To look at it you know that domestic peril had passed, and that modern things had begun. It was inhabited by those who loved the luxury of light, and were not afraid to admit it. Too much of glass is there, perhaps, in this great mansion—

"Hardwick Hall,  
More glass than wall."

The restful quiet of the shade is scarcely to be found within, and Bacon might have had it in his prophetic gaze when he wrote of houses that yet should be "so full of glass that one cannot tell where to become to be out of the sun." Another thing, too, strikes us as we look up to the lofty walls. It is that their cresting is aggressive. There aloft, not to be hidden, are

fantastic than Horace Walpole's, there is real beauty in the grand outline, noble proportions, and admirable details of Hardwick.

Its creator was a famous builder. The story goes that her restless activity arose from in the belief that, when her masons laid down the hammer and chisel, and when the last stone was raised, then should age exact its penalty, but that, so long as work went on merrily, Time himself should be cheated of his due. Certain it is that during the latter half of the famous Countess's life her men were never idle, and that she died in 1607, when it is said that frost had stayed their hand. Building was her passion, and those who describe her as proud and selfish, an intriguing money-lender, an unwomanly woman, who died extravagantly rich, but without a friend, can never gainsay that she built splendidly.

The Countess was the heiress of her brother, John



Photo. G. W. Wilson and Co.,

FROM THE PARK.

Aberdeen

the bold initials, "E. S.," with a coronet, perforated against the sky. They are those of a masterful woman, whom four husbands left behind them. In close touch with her times, Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury—better known as "Bess of Hardwick"—had little in common with her ancestors, the old squires of Hardwick, and little sympathy with the more sober life of an earlier time. But the desire to exalt the initials of a builder, or to raise aloft, in stone, some thought that inspired him, was not uncommon at the time, as may be seen at Castle Ashby, Temple Newsham, Wollaton, and elsewhere. The contrast between the old and the new is marked at Hardwick by the existence of two halls near adjacent to one another. Looking out over the beautiful country seen from the library window of the greater house—for here the elevation is superb—we behold, crumbling to its ruin, the empty, ivy-grown shell of the old home of the Hardwicks, itself bearing the evidence of high state, but with a quiet charm of its own, and such a place as you might have liked to dwell in. Horace Walpole found the great chambers of the later house uncomfortably grand, so lofty and enormous that to furnish them would have been difficult. "Pictures, had they had good ones, would be lost in chambers of such height. Tapestry, their chief moveable, was not commonly perfect enough to be real magnificence. Fretted ceilings, graceful mouldings, and painted glass, the ornaments of the preceding age, were fallen into disuse. Immense lights, composed of bad glass, in diamond panes, cast an air of poverty on their costly apartments." But, to a mind less attuned to things

Hardwick of Hardwick Hall, who died childless in 1569. Her first husband, when she was quite a girl, was a young Derbyshire squire—Robert Barlow of Barlow. His successor, Sir William Cavendish, a man of weight in the days of Elizabeth, became the ancestor, by her, of the Dukes of Devonshire. She loved her native county of Derby, and is said to have induced him to sell his estates in the South and settle among her kindred and friends. It was through her persuasion that he began the old house of Chatsworth, that massive and lofty structure, of which pictures preserve the features, swept away to make room for the present imposing palace by the Derwent. Indeed, upon her monument in Allhallows, Derby, the building of Chatsworth, as well as of Hardwick and Oldcotes, is expressly ascribed to her. When Sir William Cavendish was dead, his widow married Sir William St. Lo, captain of Elizabeth's guard, and upon his departure, her wit and beauty captivated one of the greatest subjects of the realm, George, Earl of Shrewsbury.

If we may judge from many evidences, it was one of the curses of this nobleman's life that Mary, Queen of Scots, was for some seventeen years in his charge, and her keeping committed to his wife. There can be little doubt that Mary visited Hardwick—the older house—but she cannot have been there long, for she was chiefly guarded, when in Shrewsbury's charge, in his castle at Sheffield, and at Chatsworth, making visits to Buxton for health, under very jealous watchfulness. The Earl and Countess were adjured to endeavour to worm out of Mary her secret confidences, and the latter had no scruple in the task,



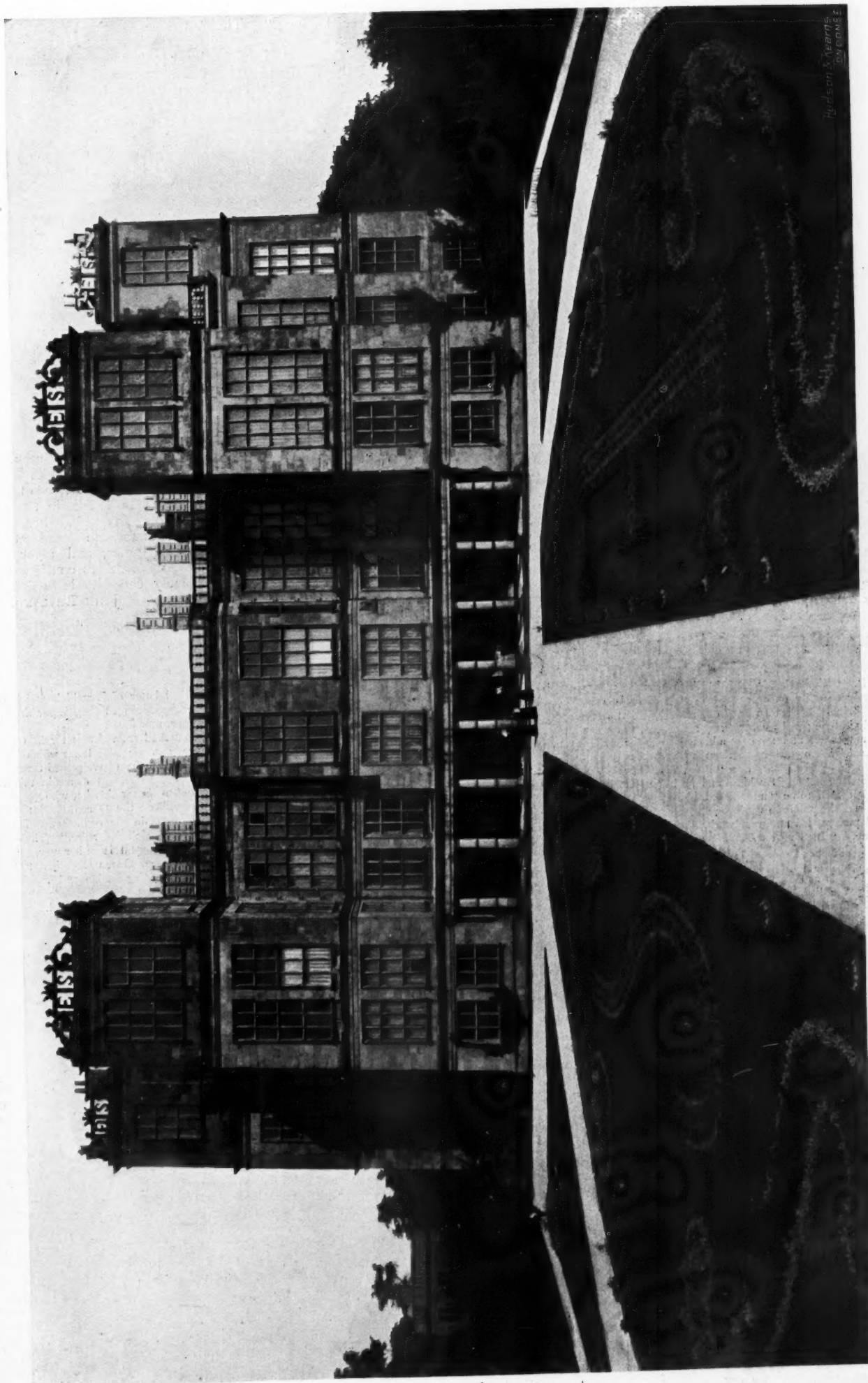


Photo. by Valentine and Sons, Ltd.,

COUNTRY HOMES: HARDWICK HALL AND GARDEN.

Dunae.

Hudson & Shepard  
DUNELAND

though she treated Mary very capriciously. But the Earl was of more tender stuff, apparently, though he was goaded once, at least, to urge that Mary's wish to ride abroad should not be gratified. He was ever at variance with his wife about their charge.

Elizabeth interposed in the cause of peace. "Her Majestie," wrote Roger Manners to his brother John at Haddon, "hath bin sondry tymes in hand with him for his wiffe, but he

will nowais agree to accept her"; and again, "Your great Erle is very well, sayfe that he is more stoute agenst his lady than ever he was." The difference seems to have arisen in this way.

The Countess, inspired by her jealous disposition, had charged the Earl with undue familiarity with his fair captive. Once, when Elizabeth demanded of her how her cousin of Scotland did, she angrily replied, "Madam, she cannot do ill, while she is with my husband; I begin to grow jealous, they are so great together." The Earl responded by denouncing her as his "most wicked wife," and took the precaution of erecting his monument before his death, whereon he denounced the falsehood, and attributed its dissemination to malice.

The memory of the unfortunate Queen of Scots is not to be disremembered from Hardwick, even if she dwelt there little. Her bed is still in a beautiful chamber ascribed to her, with embroideries said to be from her hand—all doubtless brought from the old house—and here, too, is other furniture she used. But Mary was not the only unfortunate lady whose memory lingers about Hardwick Hall. One of the daughters of the Countess of Shrewsbury, Elizabeth Cavendish, married Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, and brother of Darnley, and was the mother of Lady Arabella Stuart, who lived some time at Hardwick, in the days when Elizabeth regarded her as a possible successor, in case of the obstinacy of James, and before the eager plotting of others consigned her to the lonely captivity in which she died.

JOHN LEYLAND.



Photo. G. W. Wilson and Co.,

THE STATE ROOM.

Aberdeen.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MR. "SETON MERRIMAN'S" friends will recognise his lively personality on every page of "In Kedar's Tents" (Smith, Elder). He is in his own person of strikingly alert appearance, manly, pure and lively in tone; a shrewd observer; a student of men rather than of books; a trenchant critic, and strongly addicted to sagacious epigram. His rise to fame has been slow in comparison with that of others among the rising generation of novelists, for, like "Bobs," he does not advertise, the rollers of logs have done nothing for him, and he has never, so far as we are aware, permitted himself to be "interviewed." But that rise, if slow, has been sure; the section of the public to which he appeals grows wider every year, and "The Sowers," perhaps his strongest work, has reached a sixteenth edition in a very short time. "In Kedar's Tents" will certainly not diminish, but rather enhance, his popularity. The starting point is, perhaps, a trifle overstrained in point of whimsical improbability. Frederick Conyngham, briefless and penniless barrister, is as reckless and high-spirited an Irish gentleman as ever lived; but he goes a little far in giving this story its start. His friend Horner, remarkable for a liver as white as snow and a heart intended by Nature to circulate the blood of a chicken, has (without disclosing his name) toyed with Chartism, and has committed manslaughter in the North. Horner confides his terrors to Conyngham, and the Irishman resolves, on the spur of the moment, to flee the country, with the object of luring the hounds of the law off the scent of Horner, and goes to Spain. But when once that delightful Conyngham has set foot upon Spanish soil, the romance runs in so stirring and delightful a fashion that the reader is carried away in breathless excitement and delight. The scene, which is vividly brought before us by strong but by no means laboured strokes of the author's pen, is the war-wasted Spain in which Queen Regent Christina and Don Carlos the First wrestled for the mastery, and the tale is one of love and war. Events and adventures follow fast and furious one upon the other, the characters are one and all intensely Spanish and intensely human, and some of them are irresistibly lovable, and the atmosphere of the period breathes from every page. "Patriotism was nowhere, and ambition on every side." Whom shall we single out for reference? Shall it be the suave, smiling, ruthless, incorruptible General Vincente, who serves Queen Christina with amazing cleverness and dies in her defence, though he scorns her woman's wiles? Or Concha, the wise, ed, watching, lion-hearted and patriotic priest? Or Concepcion Vara, the gallant, faithful, and light-hearted Andalusian? Or the intriguing and murderous traitor Larralde? Or the Senorita Julia Basenna, maddened with love for the villain Larralde, but repentant of evil, though still loving, at the end? Or inscrutable Sir John Pleydell, father of the boy whom Horner killed, who follows Conyngham to Spain in the hope of vengeance, and even kidnaps him once, but eventually, by clever cross-examination, convicts Conyngham, in spite of himself, of innocence? Well, perhaps none of them, though they are each and all masterpieces of the novelist's art, for Estella Vincente and Conyngham are the cardinal characters of the book, and their life's love, the difficulties and the misunderstandings which come between them, their adventures, and the heroic bravery of Estella on one critical occasion, are the features that give to the story its close and nervous interest.

Even at the risk of crowding out observations concerning minor but meritorious works, we must find space to write something of Estella's love and heroism. From the moment when Conyngham's eye first rested on her—he knew that hers was "for him from that moment the fairest face in the world." Troubles, misunderstandings concerning a letter delivered by Conyngham

to Julia under pledge of secrecy, a political letter of Larralde's which Julia passed off as a love-letter from Conyngham, estranged Estella for a while. Her pride was hurt, though her wounded heart remained true.

But long before Sir John Pleydell, converted from persecutor into warm-hearted friend anxious to make amends, produces the fatal letter which he has bought from the venal Larralde, Estella and Conyngham have passed through an experience which could not but bring them together. It comes in this wise. Julia, terrified into late repentance, discloses to Father Concha, who passes on the news to General Vincente, a plot to assassinate the Queen Regent on her way to Toledo, and to abduct the child Queen in the confusion. Vincente thinks "quickly, systematically, as men learn to think under fire." The danger is imminent, for he is in Toledo and the Queen Regent is on her way. Immediately Vincente's mind is made up. He will meet Queen Christina at Ciudad Real with Estella; Conyngham, his gallant servant Concepcion, and Concha shall accompany him; the Queen Regent shall go to Madrid, and Estella shall play her part. It is characteristic of the man and of his confidence in the dauntless spirit of the gently-nurtured girl upon whom all his affections rest, that he does not so much as ask whether she shrinks from the risk. No less characteristic of him is it that, when they meet the Queen Regent, he will not present Estella to the woman whose character he despises, though he serves her with incorruptible fidelity. So the General, Estella, and the priest start in the royal carriage for Toledo, with Conyngham and Concepcion riding on either side, and the ordinary bodyguard. There is a fight by the way, at a village within a stage of Toledo, a warrantable fight described with force and humour, in which Concepcion's ready knife does yeoman's service, and Conyngham's exploits are such that the General's heart grows warm. But I must not linger over the fighting here. They enter Toledo.

"Midnight," said Concha. "And all respectable folk are in their beds. At night all cats are grey." The lights are out everywhere. "It is still enough—and quiet," said Concha, looking out. "As quiet as a watching cat," replied Vincente. They reach the palace, the Casa del Ayuntamiento, looking down upon the Plaza and facing the Cathedral; the bodyguard files into the palace instead of going on to barracks. Soon, very soon, the grand scene comes. Julia Basenna, in an agony of passionate repentance, begs to be permitted to assume, as a substitute for the blameless Estella, the part of the Queen Regent. But it may not be. By this time the square, deserted a few moments before, "was thronged with dark and silent shadows, while others, stealing from the doorways and narrow alleys with which Toledo abounds, joined the groups with stealthy steps. No one spoke, though the sound of their whispering arose in the still night air like the murmur of a breeze through reeds." Vincente and Conyngham watched them from the balcony. "They are in doubt," he said, speaking to Conyngham. "They are not sure that the Queen is here. We will keep them in doubt for a short time." The unruffled General stepped back into the room, leaving the window open, and waited. Then, looking out again, he decided that the time had come for the dramatic effect, and for Estella to face the great peril. That grand scene must be described in the author's own words.

"She went towards the window. Her father and Conyngham had taken their places, one on each side, as if she were the Queen indeed. She stood for a moment on the threshold, and then passed out into the moonlight alone. Immediately there arose the most terrifying of earthly sounds—the dull antagonistic roar of a thousand angry throats. Estella walked to the front of the balcony and stood, with an intrepidity which was worthy of the royal woman



whose part she played, looking down on the upturned faces. A red flash streaked the darkness of a far corner of the Square, and a bullet whistled through the open window into the woodwork of a mirror.

"Come back," whispered General Vincente. "Slowly, my child—slowly."

"Estella stood for a moment looking down with a royal insolence, then turned, and with measured steps approached the window. As she passed in she met Conyngham's eyes, and that one moment assuredly made two lives worth living."

Let this noble passage speak for the power of a book which has moved me not a little; full of passion and sympathy, instinct with manly spirit, a master of terse epigram, and frugal of all words save those which are pointedly appropriate, the author has written a book which deserves to live. I believe I am right in saying that no complete edition of "Mr. Merriman's" works exists. Certainly I have often heard regrets to that effect expressed. *Verb. sap.*

Mr. Aubrey de Vere's poetry is not to every man's fancy. It is, as an accomplished quarterly reviewer wrote last year, "characterised by its independence of contemporary fashion," and some of us may be pardoned if we find it a little oppressive in its thoughtfulness and impersonality. But his "Recollections," recently published by Mr. Edward Arnold, will by no means be caviare to the general public. He knew Manning, Newman, Wordsworth, Sir Henry Taylor, the Lord Houghton, and many great men beside, intimately, and he is full of good stories, some of them, it must be confessed, very old, of Ireland and of them. They are sometimes merry tales, but more often serious; but whether the

reader's object be to learn something of the literary and religious history of the last generation, or merely to amuse himself, he can hardly fail to spend some interesting hours if he browses on the pages of this volume.

The September number of the "Encyclopedia of Sport" (Lawrence and Bullen) maintains the high level of the numbers that have gone before, and it becomes more clear than ever that the collection of articles will, when it is complete, be indispensable to the country house library, and to all men who have taste for sport in any of its branches. M. Camille Prevost finishes his exposition of fencing, Mr. Harting contributes a very practical discourse on ferrets and their management, Mr. E. L. Fox explains the Eton and Rugby games of fives. On the evolution and the essential principles of Rugby Union football, Mr. A. Budd speaks with authority, and the same may be said of Mr. C. B. Fry and Association football. A treatise on "First Aid" is inserted, in a spirit grimly appropriate, in the number. "First Aid" is not sport, of course, but it is often useful when sport is to the fore.

There is still so much Sheraton, and Chippendale, and Hebblewhite furniture to be picked up in remote corners of the country by amateurs of skill that Mr. Warren Clouston's "The Chippendale Period" (Edward Arnold and Debenham and Freebody) will surely be welcome. In London, of course, a bargain can rarely be secured, for the dealers will not let the amateur have a chance at the sales. But at sales in outlying counties opportunities are often presented, and the man who has studied this complete and interesting volume, with its clear illustrations, will be in a position to "seize the occasion by the hairs" at small expense.

## BICYCLE GYMKHANA AT MOFFAT.

SO great was the success which attended the first gymkhana held at Moffat last year, and so much the enjoyment derived therefrom, that it was suggested that it should become an annual event. With this end in view, a number of ladies and gentlemen undertook to formulate and carry out the necessary arrangements. Having secured the patronage of the Right Hon. Lord Rollo and Dunning; J. J. Hope-Johnstone of Annandale; W. Younger, Esq., M.P., of Auchen Castle; Alexander Cross, Esq., M.P.; James Smith, Esq., of Craigielands; Robinson Souttar, Esq., M.P.; William Allan, Esq., M.P.; Captain Bell, R.N.; Richard Smith, Esq.; J. Paton Reid, Esq.; the Provost of Moffat; Walter Macfarlane, Esq., and others, the committee of management were further most fortunate in obtaining the use of Beechgrove grounds for the gymkhana. On the morning originally fixed for the proceedings and during the previous night a tremendous deluge of rain fell, which flooded the grounds



Photo. Hood.

THE COMMITTEE.

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considerably, and it became necessary to postpone the meeting to the following Monday. Unfortunately, that day was also wet, but, notwithstanding the rain, a start was made.

The attendance, despite the heavy rain, was very satisfactory, but after two events had been decided, the committee had no alternative but to postpone the remainder till the following day. Tuesday morning was certainly an improvement on the two previous days, but great black clouds overhead threatened once and again to mar the proceedings. With the exception, however, of a slight shower in the forenoon the weather was favourable, the afternoon being warm and bright. Considering that it was late in the season, and that many families were leaving the town, the crowd which lined the enclosure was a very large and representative one.

The various events on the programme were well and numerous contested, and the spectators were treated to many fine displays of cycling. The Scorchers' Scurry—the conditions of which were, "last past the post wins: bicycles to be kept moving"—was very

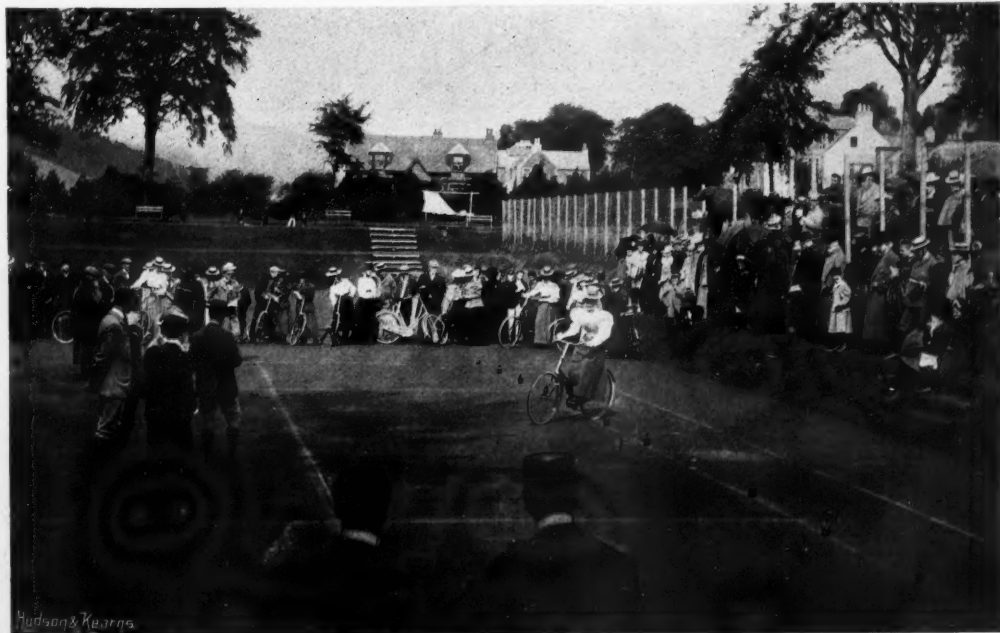


Photo. Hood.

THE BENDING RACE.

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much enjoyed, the winner, Walter Macfarlane, being a perfect adept at the lingering game, and his victory was very popular. No event created more interest with the crowd than the Bending Competition for ladies. The test in this case was turning between bottles which were at first placed 8ft. apart, but gradually reduced to 4ft. 6in. The first two rounds were very evenly contested, but in the last Miss E. Beattie was the only one to safely pilot her way through the whole twelve, and her performance was deservedly applauded. Miss Cochran, who at one time looked like the winner, was second, and Miss Macfarlane third. The Mathematical Stakes attracted a good deal of attention. In this competition the gentlemen were each given a card with four rows of cash, which they carried to a lady at the end of the course, whose duty it was to add them up, after which the gentlemen brought them to the winning-post to the judge. The ladies did not always prove themselves first-class arithmeticians, as very often the gentleman who was first at the winning-post found to his loss that his fair accountant was wrong in her addition.

The costume races were greatly enjoyed, the grotesque appearance of the riders causing much merriment. The Egg and Spoon Race and Plank Riding were also very good. For the Victoria Cross Race the entry was large, and many of the competitors endured a good deal to obtain this coveted honour. In some cases, however, the supposed wounded had rather a rough journey, being more than once carried in with the head dangling downwards. Walter Macfarlane in this competition



Photo, Hood,

THE VICTORIA CROSS RACE.

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excelled all the others. The manner in which he lifted the figure and mounted his machine was very effective. Tent Pegging for ladies was a difficult task. They had to spear six cards at four yards apart and at a speed to satisfy the judges. The winner was Miss A. C. Smith, who scored twelve points; Miss Jackson being second with nine; while Miss Waugh and Miss F. Law tied for third place with eight each. A prize for trick riding was given by Mr. John Anderson, Hillside House, and the efforts made were very creditable. The programme was concluded with a consolation stakes. A very large share of the success of the meeting is due to the exertions of Colonel Ewart, the hon. secretary, who seemed to be almost omnipresent, having everything arranged at the proper time and place.

## FAIR DAFFODILS.

AS welcome as the song of birds in the early spring is the "fair Daffodil" of copse and woodland.

"We weep to see you haste away so soon," writes Herrick, and we feel sad, too, when the fields, golden with a thousand flowers, have lost their colouring.



Photo, by

(Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Barr.)

E. Dockree.

QUEEN ANNE'S DOUBLE AND BASKET DAFFODILS.

Fair to see is the picture of an English cottage garden in Daffodil time. Artless groups of flowers, as irregular as a fleecy cloud on a summer day, lift their golden chalices above the lush grass, as if to welcome the veil of softest pink that hides the gnarled moss-touched branches. No flower colouring is so sweet as this meeting of Daffodils and Apple blossom in March days, when Nature sends once again her priceless gifts to gladden the land. We wish, however, these notes to prove of practical interest to our readers. The gay family of Daffodils must play an important part in all gardens; and of recent years, through the efforts of such well-known men as Mr. Barr, a host of lovely forms has been added to the throng. As this is the season for bulb planting in general, no more fitting time could have been chosen to write of the Daffodils and illustrate the leading types.

A glance at the illustrations will show that, if certain characteristics mark the family, the many groups into which it is divided display interesting distinctions. From the dainty *Narcissus cyclamineus*, through the graceful Star Daffodils and bold Trumpet varieties to the pure white Poets' group there is infinite change, made more charming by subtle shades of tender colouring. We must thank many men for bringing the Daffodil family to a foremost place in the garden. Leeds, Backhouse, Horsfield, Barr, and others, are names that will long be honoured amongst those who treasure their gardens. The next generation will doubtless reap to the full the good work accomplished by the Rev. G. H. Engleheart, who has raised a series of beautiful hybrids, interesting, too, as revealing the parentage of many kinds about which considerable doubt existed.

On some other occasion we shall be able, perhaps, to bring before readers of COUNTRY LIFE evidence of the important era in the history of the Daffodil created by the hybridisation thoughtfully carried out by Mr. Engleheart, but further reference to it on the present occasion is impossible.

Daffodils offer no difficulties as regards cultivation. They may be grouped by the thousand in meadow-land, in beds in the garden, or associated with other plants, and in pots.

NATURALISING DAFFODILS.—Where opportunity exists, Daffodils should be naturalised in the grass, where, too, may be grown the Snake's-head Fritillary, Snowflakes, Scillas, Crocuses, Snowdrops, and other jewels of the early year. In a paper upon "Wild Gardening in Meadow Grass," given by Mr. Robinson, editor of the *Garden*, before the Royal Horticultural Society a few years ago, the following instructive remarks were made about the Daffodil. He says:—"The most important group of all these early flowers is the *Narcissus*. Five years ago I planted many thousands in the grass, the most important group being the *Star Narcissus* in large variety. I never doubted that I should succeed with them, but did not know I should succeed so well. They thrive admirably and flowered well; the flowers are large and handsome, and, to my surprise, have not diminished in size. In open, rich heavy bottoms, along hedgerows, in quite open loamy fields, in every position I have tried them. They are delightful when seen near at hand, and also effective at a distance. The leaves ripen, disappear before mowing time, and do not in any way interfere with farming. The harrowing and rolling of the fields in spring, however, are a little against the foliage, and probably with the finer *Narcissi* a better result could be obtained by wood walks and open copses which abound in so many English country places."



There are few places in which the Daffodil is not happy. The writer will ever remember a garden in spring time. The Daffodil was planted in thousands in the meadow-lands, Star Narcissi followed by the silvery Poets' Daffodil, which formed natural groups in the grass and by the streamlet that ran through the mead. Thousands of flowers danced in the April breezes and gave a bountiful supply for the house. As evening approached the flowery colonies gleamed like silver in the subdued light, an effect we get from the tall Moon Daisy in late October. The Star Daffodils (*N. incomparabilis*), Trumpet forms, such as *N. Horsfieldi* and *Empress*, and the Poets' Narcissi are happiest under such conditions. We have seen *N. Johnstoni*, *Queen of Spain*, a soft yellow flower very free in meadow-land, but delicate varieties, or those of dwarf growth, should not be planted there. Use the bulbs freely by woodland walks, on sloping north banks, in the recesses of the shrubbery, and in moist spots screened from the sun by overhanging branches. They dislike dense shade, but in subdued light the flowers are strong and handsome. We have seen the bulbs successful even amongst ivy under trees.

**DAFFODILS IN BEDS, BORDERS, AND POTS.**—No spring flower is more handsome than the bolder Daffodils for beds and borders. The bulbs may be planted by themselves, one kind to a bed, or with other things to follow, as the May Tulips, with later-flowering perennials. To realise the splendour of masses of one kind, such a nursery as that of Messrs. Barr and Sons, Long Ditton, should be visited in early April. The grounds are a sea of waving flowers—long beds of the big Trumpet Daffodil *Horsfieldi*, *Emperor*, or some graceful Star Daffodil. The delicately coloured *Pallidus præcox* flowers in February, followed by others of the same group. April brings the *Incomparabilis*, *Leedsii*, *Barri*,



Photo by (reproduced by permission of Messrs. Barr.) F. Dockree.  
A VARIETY OF THE BICOLOR GROUP (*Grandis*)

*Burbidgei*, and early Poets' Narcissi, the double white poeticus winding up the long procession.

Few bulbs are happier under pot culture. *Ard Righ*, *Queen of Spain*, *Emperor*, and, indeed, almost every kind, are successful, the smaller kinds, as *N. Corbularia citrina*, *triandrus albus*, and *Tridymus Miss White*, which are all illustrated, being alone suitable for this way of culture, or planting on the rock garden, with Thymes or some creeping plant as a groundwork to set off the delicacy of the flowers. Five-inch pots are the most suitable for the bulbs, putting about six in each pot of the stronger varieties, but of the smaller-flowered kinds, the exquisite little *N. minimus* and fragrant *Jonquil*, more bulbs must, of course, be used. Use loamy soil, such as one would pot a Geranium in, and place the pots out of doors on ashes, to prevent worms from entering the bottoms. Cover them with six inches of the same material or cocoa-nut fibre refuse. The bulbs may be introduced into the warm greenhouse when the pots are full of roots, and an inch or so of top growth has been made. Give plenty of water, air, and light. If in the shade, weakly shoots are the result.

When planting out of doors, a northerly aspect is more appreciated by the Daffodil than any other. Never use crude manures; they are poisonous. If the soil is very poor it may be liberally manured, and then cropped with vegetables, potatoes for preference, as these require well-worked ground. After this preparation it will be ready for the Daffodils. Put the bulbs of the larger varieties about three inches deep. We enjoy greatly permanent beds, as a succession of flowers is ensured without much labour. Summer flowers will follow the Daffodils. Charming edgings to beds or borders may be formed with the dainty *Minimus*, *Nanus*, and the *Angels' Tears* (*N. triandrus*).

**THE VARIOUS GROUPS OF DAFFODILS.**—The great group is that known



Photo. by ANGELS' TEARS (*N. triandrus albus*). E. Dockree.

as the Trumpets, so called from the bold trumpet form of the centre segments. Varieties that form this group have a common ancestor, the lovely wilding of English meadows (*N. Pseudo-narcissus*), beautiful variations of it occurring in the pastures of Spain and Portugal. The section may be roughly divided into three, namely, golden, bicolor, and the white-flowered kinds. In the golden-coloured class the flowers are of intense colour, and an excellent selection would be *Ard Righ*, a splendid pot Daffodil, *Golden Spur*, the exquisitely shaped *Tenby Daffodil* (*N. obvallaris*), *Countess of Annesley*, and *Santa Maria*—all these are very early—*Emperor*, *Henry Irving*, *Maximus*, beautiful in colouring, but not always satisfactory in growth, *P. R. Barr*, and *Rugilobus*. Belonging to this section also is *N. Johnstoni*. The varieties *Queen of Spain* and *Mrs. George Cammell*, both found by Mr. Peter Barr in Spain, are well worth growing. *Glory of Leyden* is a splendid Daffodil, but as the bulbs cost fifteen shillings each, they are too expensive, except for enthusiasts, to grow in quantity.

The beautiful white-winged bicolor Daffodils, as they have been aptly called,



Photo. by THREE-CROWNED DAFFODIL (*N. tridymus Miss White*). E. Dockree.

are bold in colour. The outer segments are almost white, against which the yellow trumpet stands out in rich contrast. A very early variety is John Horsfield, raised by Horsfield, a Lancashire weaver. We could write many interesting stories of the loving thought given to flowers by the humble workers of the North, and no garden flower of richer beauty has been given to the world than this Daffodil. This is closely followed by Empress, a variety much like it in aspect. Both these are reasonable in price. J. B. M. Camm is still expensive, but Princeps is cheap and a fine early flower. Weardale Perfection will probably be the great bicolor Daffodil of the future, but as yet its bulbs cost many guineas each. One of our illustrations represents the variety Grandis, which is a noble flower in colour and form.

A section of much charm comprises the white or sulphur-coloured varieties. The writer will not individualise here, as a good catalogue will supply mere names. Cernuus and Cernuus pulcher are daintily coloured, and Mme. de Graaf is a welcome acquisition, fortunately strong in growth. Its perianth is pure white, passing to soft primrose in the trumpet. The February-flowering and variable Pallidus præcox is grouped with these, but it is delicate. Keep manure away from the bulbs, and select moist, northerly slopes for them. All the white-flowered Daffodils detest manure, loam and leaf soil providing suitable material.

Quaint old garden flowers are the double Daffodils, Gerardes' double Lent Lily, the curious Rip Van Winkle, Telamonius plenus, Codlin and Cream, Butter and Eggs, and Eggs and Bacon, flowers coarse to some, but delightfully old-fashioned.

When writing of the great Daffodil family, so varied in its growth and the form of the flowers, a difficulty presents itself—that is, to cease making selections for the garden. The variety Goliath, of which an illustration is given, represents the fascinating Star Narcissi, which are as happy in pots as in the woodland or border. A procession of graceful flowers starts in March and wends its way into



Photo. by A STAR DAFFODIL (*N. incomparabilis Goliath*). E. Dockree.

May, to meet the Poets' Narcissi. Beauty, C. J. Backhouse, Mary Anderson, Princess Mary, Queen Bess, Stella, and Sir Watkin, to mention only a few good kinds, belong to the *Incomparabilis* or Star group. Then we have the beautiful Barri Daffodils, of which *Conspicuous* is perhaps the chief ornament, the broad cup margined with brilliant orange-scarlet. Sweet fragrance comes from the graceful Leedsi kinds, a group that vies with the two preceding for delicate beauty and usefulness as cut flowers. If any reader wishes for graceful flowers to cut for the house, no better choice could be made than from one of these groups, or a selection from the trio.

We have written much lately concerning the Poets' Narcissus, supposed at one time to be the Narcissus of the Greek poets, but this classic flower is the Bunch-flowered *N. tazetta* (*Polyanthus-Narcissus*), a form of which, the Scilly white, is sold largely in the streets of London early in the year, importations from the sunny Isles of Scilly, where Daffodil growing is the leading industry. One must not forget the moisture-loving *N. cyclamineus*. This is never so happy as in some damp, loose bed or recess in the rock garden.

We will close this article by referring to the remaining illustrations. In one of them is represented Queen Anne's double Jonquil (*N. odoratus plenus*), a charming and sweet-scented flower, with the citron-coloured basket Daffodil (*N. Corbularia*). The Basket or Hoop Petticoat Daffodils, as they are also called, are not always successful out of doors, but pretty in pots. *Triandrus albus*, another interesting kind, is called Angels' Tears or Ganymedes Cup, and is very useful for pots or the rock garden. *N. tridymus* is the three-crowned Daffodil, and a section produced through crossing the Trumpet Daffodil with the Bunch-flowered *Tazetta*.

We hope that every reader of COUNTRY LIFE who wants to know more about the Daffodils than the writer can give in the space at his disposal will not forget that assistance will be willingly afforded through our correspondence columns.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### NEW HOMES IN OLD HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the Haslemere district, to which you refer in your article advocating the restoration and reoccupation of the small farm and cottage dwelling-houses, this process has already taken place. The very charming class of old house shown in your illustrations was, however, not common in the district, but very good farmhouses, of a larger type, and small cottages, have been converted in numbers. These were not as a rule empty, as those shown in your pages, and the late occupants have a neat phrase for the change of tenants. The cottages are said to have "gone gentry." The scale on which the English peasants were and are housed, as mentioned in your article, strikes me as an evidence of English prosperity. The greater part of the world's rural population, in Russia, India, and China to wit, live in a house of one room.—I am, Sir, yours, RUSTICUS.

### STOOLBALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—People are always rather at a loss for a game to amuse their guests at a garden party. Croquet takes long, lawn-tennis is violent work, and both these games employ but few players. A good game that might be introduced, I think, is the old English game, still preserved and played in parts of Sussex, of "stoolball." It consists of one or two—you can play single wicket or double—boards of ten inches square, fixed at a convenient height on posts, and set (supposing there are two) facing each other at some twenty yards' distance. The bat is the ordinary wooden bat used in bat fives, and the ball is like a tennis—not a lawn-tennis—ball. The bowler bowls underhand at the board, full pitch—so the game has the great advantage that no prepared court or wicket is required—as hard as he likes, provided it be underhand, from a distance of about fifteen yards. The batsman defends the board with the fives bat. The field stands round, as in cricket—the numbers on each side seeming quite arbitrary—and the runs are scored, as in cricket, by the batsmen crossing over, after the ball is hit, before any of the field can throw the ball in and hit the board with it. It is seen that the game is a cross between cricket and baseball, less scientific perhaps than either, and on that very account, and because it is not so rough a game as rounders, excellently adapted to a garden party. Some of the Sussex players are most skilful with the little bat, wielded, of course, with one hand, and hit the ball immense distances. It is an interesting game, as a relic of the past, but also is one that is capable of giving a deal of amusement in the present.—I am, Sir, yours, G. F. L.

### A HUNTER REARING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have recently purchased a hunter, a fine specimen of the weight-carrying class, and although he is very quiet in the stable, and an excellent performer when hounds are running hard across country, yet he is much given to the dangerous habit of rearing, when standing at the cover-side or if checked at his fences. I should be extremely obliged if, through the medium of your columns, you could afford me some information as to how I could best cure this nasty trick.—I am, Sir, yours, CONSTANT READER.

[The old saw about Satan finding mischief for idle hands to do equally applies to horses, and in this way a great deal of the vice in horses can be accounted for. Long, steady work will bring almost any horse to his senses, but there are some that seem to defy all methods. You should see that your hunter is well exercised. You might also try a running martingale, which was recently found very effective in a case of the kind. If this is not sufficient, you might use a standing martingale, either fixed to the noseband or attached to the snaffle by two clip hooks; if it be properly adjusted it will not interfere with the horse jumping, while it will still be effective as regards rearing.—ED.]

### ROARING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A short time since a valuable carriage horse, eight years old, which I have in my possession, contracted influenza and afterwards suffered from strangles; this seems to have affected his wind, for he is now a confirmed roarer. Would it be advisable to have the horse operated on and a tube inserted, or is there any other way in which this disease can be treated so as to lessen the noise and enable the horse to be still able to perform his work?—I am, Sir, yours, PHAETON.

[Roaring is a very common sequel to an attack of strangles, and in the case of your horse it probably arises from paralysis of the muscles of the larynx, which has been brought about by his former ailments; if this be so he is incurable. Operations for this disease are seldom very successful, but if the horse is carefully fed he may get no worse for many years. No long hay, or very little, should be given him, and water should be used sparingly when he is to be worked soon after receiving his allowance.—ED.]



## THE KENTFORD STUD FARM.—II.

WITH so many well-bred sires standing at the Kentford Stud Farm, it is naturally visited by a great number of famous mares. Among these, when our artist was down there in the spring, were GIPSY, well known as the dam of Kilsallaghan; POSTSCRIPT, dam of the City and Suburban winner Reminder; and EVA, who is shown in our illustration with a colt foal by Ravensbury at foot.

I was next taken round the paddocks and shown some beautiful mares. Among these were Wise Virgin, by Wisdom out of Elizabeth, by Statesman, as good a type of brood mare as one could wish to see; the three year old Amphibia, by Amphion out of Blavatsky, by Isonomy, her dam Lotus, by Doncaster from Lady Alice Hawthorn, by Newminster; Bride of the Sea, by Crafton or Trayles out of Lord Calthorpe's famous mare Seabreeze, by Isonomy, her dam St. Marguerite, by Hermit out of Devotion, by Stockwell; Decree Nisi, by Wisdom out of Partition, by Isonomy, her dam Petition, by Beadsman; and Lady Slave, by St. Serf out of Lady Marion, by Scottish Chief. These are five beautifully bred young mares, and they have been mated with Ladas, The Deemster, Royal Hampton, Tyrant, and Worcester respectively.

In another paddock, a little further on, were a group of YEARLING FILLIES, some of whom ought to make a stir some day. These were, a nice level made bay by Common out of Flyaway, that will race if looks and breeding are of any worth; a bay by Timothy, a short-legged galloping sort; another bay by Common; and a brown by Buccaneer out of Woodroof, by Cymbal out of Wood Queen, by King of the Forest. This is a very lengthy, racing-like filly, full of quality, and with capital limbs.

Among the yearling colts I liked especially the bay by Raeburn out of Danae, by Sterling out of a Young Melbourne mare, a stoutly-built youngster with big strong quarters, and a capital mover. I also saw a really good brown colt by The Deemster out of Gold and Silver, by The Miser; and there were two nice youngsters, by Sheen out of Lady Rosebery, and by Bunbury out of Spell, respectively. Two of the best yearlings I have seen this year are the two which I was taken to see next, and which had been lately purchased by Captain Machell at the Newmarket July Sales. These were a half-brother to Cyllene, by Donovan out of Arcadia, by Isonomy, and L'Orme, by Orme out of



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

EVA.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

YEARLING FILLIES.

Copyright—"C.L."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch. MR. H. W. ADAMSON AND CAPT. MACHELL

Copyright—"C.L."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

GIPSY.

Copyright—"C.L."

Lotus, by Doncaster. The first of these is a long, low, dark bay colt, with great power and quality, and a really good youngster from nose to tail; the last is a beautiful quality chestnut colt, smaller than the last named, but such a shapely sort and such a mover. These two are very high-class yearlings indeed, and will make names for themselves some day.

There were a few more mares to be seen, among whom were the once speedy Flyaway, by Galopin out of Rookery, and dam of Flying Colours and The Wyvern, a very fine mare indeed, with a filly foal by Morion; Lady Gwendoline, by Camballo out

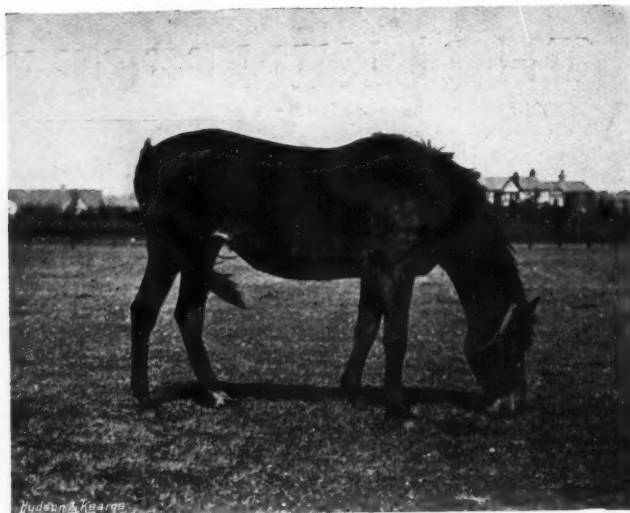


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

POSTSCRIPT.

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of True Blue, by Oxford, with a very good brown filly by Ravensbury; and Corea, by Hermit out of Mitrailleuse, by Strafford out of Musket's dam, with a filly foal by The Deemster.

So ended a most interesting morning, very pleasantly spent in inspecting this model stud farm and its blue-blooded occupants, and as I was driven back to Newmarket I could not help thinking that Captain Machell's many turf triumphs are likely to be shortly supplemented by his breeding a Derby winner for himself at the Kentford Stud.

OUTPOST.

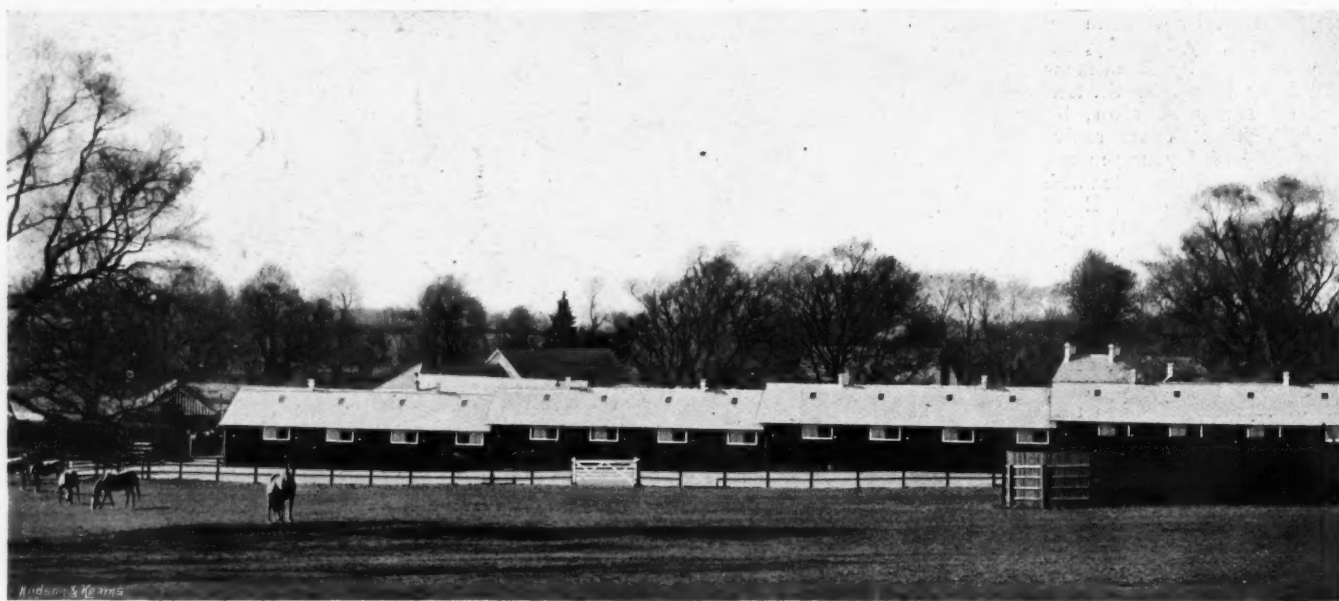


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE ORME BOXES.

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## A SON OF WISDOM.

HORSES are in one respect like wine, that they have their "vintage" years. What a remarkable spring that was in which Ormonde, Minting, The Bard, Saraband, and Breadknife were foaled; and even if 1889 may not have been quite so prolific in great horses, it, nevertheless, gave us Orme, La Flèche, and Sir Hugo. I can remember the time when it was a cardinal article of faith among breeders not to inbreed to Stockwell, and yet we have this year seen that it is the surest way of all by which to produce great race-horses. There is no doubt that to select the strongest blood on the mare's side, and to breed in to that, has always been the best method of breeding winners, and Wisdom was the first sire to prove the success of this when applied to the Stockwell blood.

This horse was, in a lucky moment, purchased, for a very trifling sum, by Mr. A. Hoole, of Bickerton Grange, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, and although he had been by no means a success on the turf, no sooner did he go to the stud than he began to sire winners. His sire, Blinkhoolie, was by Rataplan out of the celebrated Queen Mary (Blink Bonny's dam), whilst

his dam, Aline, was by Stockwell, so that he was very closely inbred to the own brothers Stockwell and Rataplan. Lord Bradford's Manœuvre was by Lord Clifden out of the stoutly-bred Quick March, by Rataplan out of Qui Vive, by Voltigeur, and although she was a good mare on the turf, she never did any good at the stud till she was allied with Wisdom, when her Rataplan blood, combined with that of Wisdom, produced in Sir Hugo one of those stout, staying, powerful thoroughbreds of whom we have all too few in these days.

These sort of horses seldom shine as two year olds, and although he won two little races in 1891, he was beaten in the Champagne Stakes by La Flèche, and in the Middle Park Plate by Orme. The following year saw a marvellous change. He ran unplaced to Bonavista in the Two Thousand Guineas, and when he went to Epsom to take part in the Derby, no one had the smallest fancy for him. What a sensational race it was. The undoubted best colt of his year, Orme, had mysteriously gone amiss at Kingsclere and was scratched, and the Derby of 1892 looked to be at the mercy of Baron de Hirsch's hitherto



unbeaten filly, *La Flèche*. The French Rueil, the Two Thousand winner *Bonavista*, *St. Damien*, *Thessalian*, *St. Angelo*, and *Llanthony*, all had friends, whilst all the time 40 to 1 was going begging about the despised *Sir Hugo*. And yet he was a long way the best-looking horse in the paddock before the race, and he excited universal admiration among hunting men, not a few of whom backed him simply for the sake of his good looks. Great was the astonishment of everyone when he won, more especially of *La Flèche*'s connections, who had deemed defeat impossible, and looked in amazement at the sturdy colt who had beaten their pet by three-quarters of a length.

Whether or not *Baron de Hirsch*'s mare was quite at her best that day is a question that has often been hotly discussed. It was said after the race that she was not, but her friends backed her as if she was, and it is probable that she met a better animal that day, although she turned the tables on him in the *St. Leger*.

At any rate, *Sir Hugo* was a good honest race-horse, who stayed right well, and he won the Derby. As has just been stated, *La Flèche* beat him by a couple of lengths for the *St. Leger*. For this race Orme started favourite at 11 to 10 on, whilst *La Flèche* was backed at 7 to 2, and *Sir Hugo* at 10 to 1. The favourite had no doubt not recovered from his spring trouble, and had his head ridden off in the race as well, and so *La Flèche* finished two lengths in front of the Derby winner, with the unfortunate Orme nowhere.

The following year *Sir Hugo* ran once, in a Biennial at Newmarket, which he won, and he was then sent to the stud. As has already been pointed out, he is a very stoutly-bred horse indeed, full of Birdcatcher blood, with a good cross of *Voltigeur*, and going back to *Queen Mary*. He was not a speedy horse, but he stayed well, and he is just the sort to cross with nervous, excitable mares or those wanting bone and substance.



Photo. Whitlock Bros.

SIR HUGO.

Copyright.

## RACING NOTES.

I CANNOT remember any Cesarewitch in which so many candidates were really fancied by their connections, and in which the excitement was so well maintained to the very end. The first sensation was the scratching of *Galtee More*; then no sooner had *Love Wisely* won the Jockey Club Stakes and become a fancied favourite than the pen went through his name too. That he would as nearly as possible have won had he kept fit to the day is quite certain. The two horses about whom there was the greatest mystery and the most conflicting evidence were *Merman* and *The Rush*, and they finished first and second. That the latter was bound to have a great chance if his trainer could really wind him up and send him sound to the post was certain, but this was just the question, and the evidence of the Newmarket horse watchers was anything but unanimous on the point. *Merman* I had always written of in these columns as the probable winner. His race with *Carlton Grange* at *Lewes* was the best public trial of anything which ran, and those who knew him in Australia had no doubt about his stamina. Staying is the strong point with most *Walers*. In the paddock *Merman* looked best of anything, trained to the hour, hard, clean, and fit, but full of life and vigour. *The Rush* looked well, though perhaps a trifle "jolly," and *Northallerton* I liked best of anything after *Merman*. Mr. Robert Peck's opinion was that this horse could not lose, but I never fancied him myself as he has never shown any signs of being able to stay two miles and a-quarter. *Carlton Grange* was very fit, and but for his Doncaster penalty would probably have won. *True Art*, *Keenan*, *History*, *Limasol*, and *Soliman* all looked well, and were more or less fancied, though the latter had for some reason or another had to be stopped in his work for a couple of days the week before. *St. Bris*, who had all along been a good favourite, kept his place to the last, though how he was going to win with 24lb. more than he carried last year, and in a better-class field, I never could see.

The race was run in a bad light, but as soon as anything could be seen of it, *History*, *Soliman*, and *Northallerton* were noticed going well. At the Bushes *Merman* was in front, and there he stayed, under pressure, till *The Rush* passed him coming out of the Abingdon Mile Bottom. Had *Wood* waited a little longer with the latter, I think he might just have won, but *Merman* is a glutton, he was thoroughly fit, and had 12lb. the better of the weights, so that he came again and got home by a neck. It was a grand finish, and the *Waler* ran his race out with unflinching gameness. He is a really nice horse, of the light-topped, lathy type, and just the sort to stay. The disappointment of the race was *Keenan*, who never galloped a yard, and he is evidently a terrible "pig" in a field of horses. It was a very fast run race, and perhaps he did not like the pace. *Soliman* ran fairly well, and would doubtless have done better still but for the stoppage in his work at a critical time. *St. Bris* did just about what I expected he would, and finished fourth. I always advocated the winner's chance, because he had a very light weight, I believed he could stay, and his form with *Carlton Grange* at *Lewes* was good enough to win. I was, therefore, naturally glad to see him get home all right, though I cannot help thinking he was just a trifle lucky to beat *The Rush*. However, he did so, thanks in a small measure to the manner in which he was handled by *Sharples*, and all we have got to do now is to count our winnings and find out if the other *Waler*, *Maluma*, is going to win the *Cambridgeshire*.

It was a rare field of two year olds which went to the post for the *Middle Park Plate*, on Friday last. I heard a capital account of my old favourite, the *Jenny Howlet* colt, on arriving on the course, and I fancy that the only one his party feared was the unbeaten *Orzil*, who had won the *Clearwell Stakes* in great form on the previous Tuesday. In the paddock nothing looked better than these two. *Wildfowler*, too, was well trained and much admired, though

to my mind he is a bit too coarse, and I cannot like him in front. Disraeli looked rather dull in his coat, and had, I believe, been coughing, and Collar is a plain, common-looking brute. St. Evox is an enormous, overgrown colt, and Locarno I did not like, but Florio Rubattino is a gentleman, and looked better than I have ever seen him, whilst Dieudonné is a really good-looking colt.

Nothing went down nearly so well as Orzil, though his brilliant action is perhaps more suggestive of sprinting than staying. He had been sweating a good deal in the paddock, however, and was altogether too anxious to please me. It was an interesting race, and the very first thing I noticed was that the Jenny Howlet colt was out of it. He never put any heart into his work, and although he is, I know, a real good colt at home, he is evidently no glutton on a race-course. It is a curious thing how soft many of the Bend Ors are. I next looked for Orzil. There he was, on the far side, running a desperate race with Disraeli. They were both carrying the same weight. Which would crack first? Orzil it was whose jockey had first to ask his horse a question; and it was not answered. On the contrary, he very soon had enough of it, and Disraeli was left in front. It is possible that the latter's jockey thought he had only Orzil to beat, and rode to settle him. This he did effectually, but in doing so he cut his own throat too, so that when Dieudonné came out in the centre of the field, he had nothing left, and the Kempton Park winner went on and won as he liked by three lengths, Disraeli being second, and Wid'owler third.

The winner, who is certainly a good colt, must have come on a good deal since he ran fifth behind Disraeli and Champ de Mars at Derby; and he won this race in great style. At the same time, Disraeli, who, to my mind, is the best-looking colt of the lot, had been coughing, and did not look quite as bright as the winner, and he undoubtedly had his head ridden off to beat Orzil. The inferences which we may apparently draw from this race are that the first three are good horses, that the Jenny Howlet colt is a gay deceiver, that Orzil is a non-stayer, and, perhaps, soft too, and that Cyllene is the best of his year. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is more than ever to be regretted that the name of Cyllene does not figure among the nominations for next year's Derby.

When I wrote in these notes last week that the winner of the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park would some day make a name for himself, I



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ST. BRIS WALKING ROUND.

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RETURNING AFTER THE CESAREWITCH.

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little thought how soon he would do so. At Kempton Park, Cyllene was giving him toll, had gone off his feed after leaving home, and was interfered with in the race, but nevertheless ran him to three-quarters of a length. Was this form good enough to beat Orzil, Disraeli—who had beaten him a long way at Derby—or the Jenny Howlet colt—supposed to be many pounds in front of The Baker? Well, he won, and that in a canter, he is quite likely to take the Dewhurst Plate as well, and then he will be a raging hot winter favourite for the Derby. Personally, I am inclined to think that Disraeli will beat him the next time they meet, without in any way wishing to detract from the obvious racing merits of the Duke of Devonshire's handsome colt.

Dieudonné's pedigree is a very curious one. He is by Amphion out of Mon Droit. The fault I have always found with Amphion's breeding is the double cross of Newminster, through his paternal grandam, Ladylike, and his maternal grandsire, Hermit. As, however, this is fortified on the sire's side by Voltigeur, and on the dam's by Rataplan, the result was an undoubtedly good horse, even if not a really stout one. When, however, Mon Droit brings in another cross of Hermit, one is apt to look askance at these crosses of Newminster, especially as two of them come through Hermit. However, here again we find plenty of stout blood as well, namely, that of Isonomy on the sire's side, and Boundary (by Stockwell) on the dam's; and as the Middle Park Plate winner goes back, through no less than eight channels, to Whalebone, I should not myself have any fears about his stoutness.

Both this race and the Cesarewitch will be found so fully dealt with in an earlier part of these notes, that I need not say more about them here. Why it was thought necessary to make so much mystery, and spread so many

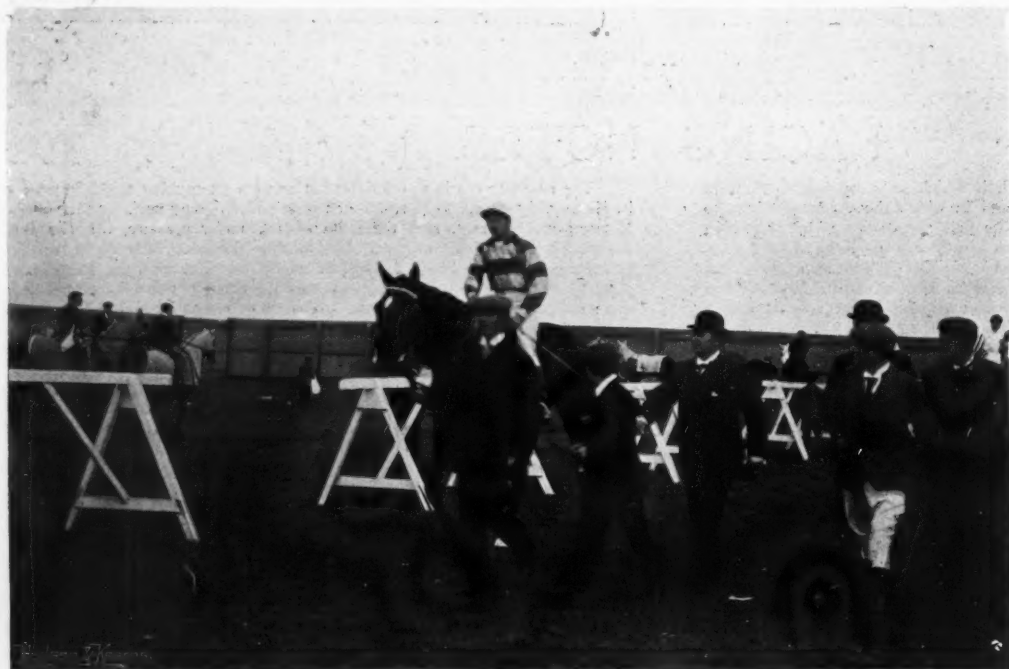


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MERMAN.

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false reports, about Merman, it puzzles me to understand. For myself, I never had much doubt about his winning, the moment I knew that the stable money was on, partly on account of his Lewes form with Carlton Grange, and partly because I was assured, by those who ought to know best, that he was a real glutton, and sure to stay every yard of the course. Why he was only given 7st. 5lb., seeing that he would have had at least 9st. in a similar class handicap in his own country, I fail to see; and granted that The Rush might just have done him, with two or three more good gallops, and a little differently ridden, I still think it was a mistake on the part of the handicapper to treat him so leniently.

One of the most interesting events of the week was the match between Kilcock and Count Schomberg for the Select Stakes, on Wednesday. That Captain Greer's beautiful horse would stay the Rowley Mile, in a true run race, I do not for a moment suppose, but in a match I thought it the greatest certainty in the world that he would beat Count Schomberg, good horse as the latter undoubtedly is, at 3lb. This he did, without the slightest effort either, as he only had to wait at the other's quarters till they were halfway home from the Abingdon Mile Bottom, when he shot away, and won by a couple of lengths. I am quite sure that "the Count" is a very speedy horse, but in Kilcock he was tackling not only the handsomest, but also the fastest, race-horse in the world.

Will Maluma win the Cambridgeshire? This is the burning question of the hour. Considering that she was a long way better class than Merman in Australia, and for some extraordinary reason has been chucked in with only 7st., it would on the face of it look a good thing for her. On the other hand, she ran none too well at Kempton Park the week before last. I am now told that the



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

KILCOCK AND COUNT SCHOMBERG.

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stable did not fancy her there, and that it was public money that brought her to 4 to 1 on the day of the race. Also, I am told that she has come on since then, that she has won a trial, will be backed by her owner, and win as well. All this may be so, but I like what I can see myself, and I could not see any Cambridgeshire form about Maluma's running at Kempton. If Gulistan is really fancied by the stable he must go very close, and no one knows how good Ashburn may not be. Sandia may not quite stay the mile, and Yorker may not try, but Stowmarket and Cortegar are well handicapped, whilst both St. Cloud II. and Comfrey did well enough in the Cesarewitch to give them chances here.

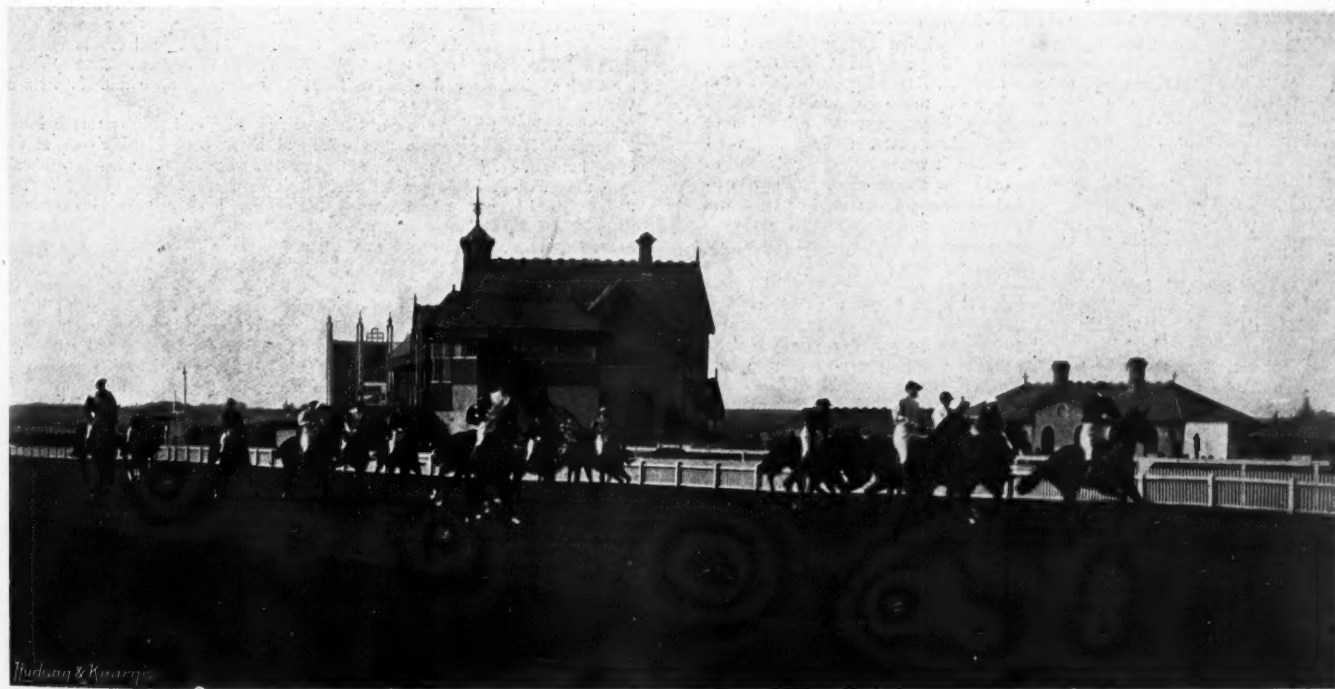


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

PULLING UP AFTER THE MAIDEN PLATE.

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## BLOODSTOCK SALES AT NEWMARKET.

**THE YARDLEY STUD.**—The busiest man I know anywhere is Mr. Y. R. Graham, of Yardley. Not content with the cares of an enormous stud farm, he also carries on a big business in Birmingham, and, in addition to both these, goes in largely for breeding pedigree shorthorns, Jerseys, Shropshire sheep, and cart-horses. No wonder that he has at last decided to reduce the cares and anxieties which so many undertakings must entail. On Friday in the current week the whole of his farmstock will be brought to the hammer at the Moat House Farm, near Birmingham, and on Monday next, the Monday in the Houghton week, at Newmarket, sixty-six lots of bloodstock from the famous Yardley Stud will be sold without reserve.

Of these fifty-three are mares. Eighteen have been covered by Pioneer, by Galopin out of Moorhen (dam of Gallinule), by Hermit, her dam by Skirmisher out of Vertumna, by Stockwell. Among these is Acra, by The Duke out of an own sister to Sterling; Coinage, by Sterling out of Mirella, dam of Cherry Duchess; and Duchess of Gretna, by The Duke out of Gretna, by Sterling.

Endurance (sire of Bicorniger), a beautiful horse by Sterling out of Siluria, own sister to Wenlock (winner of the St. Leger), has been visited by Larkfield,

by Skylark out of Cestus, by Newminster, and six others; and McMahon, a grand horse, by Macgregor out of Lady of Urrard, by Lord Lyon, has had sixteen sent to him. Other stallions which have been used are: Sir Frederick, by Scottish Chief (by Lord of the Isles, by Touchstone) out of Seclusion (Hermit's dam); Wire, a regular Yardley-bred one, by The Duke out of Double First, own sister to Sterling; Stetchford, by Sterling out of Thalia, by Newminster; Vibrate, by Hampton out of Vibration, by The Duke out of Whisper (dam of Sterling); Cherrystone, a very powerful own brother to Energy, by Sterling out of Cherry Duchess; and Blandford, a beautiful horse by Oxford or The Duke out of Auricula; daughter of Pocahontas.

Of these stallions, Stetchford and Wire will be offered for sale. They were both foaled in 1881, were the winners of many races, are full of the best Yardley blood, and the sires of very promising stock. In addition to them there will come up Stanch, a very handsome black horse, eight years old, by Peter out of Black Star, by Forerunner; and Kingsley, a six year old chestnut, one of the most beautiful horses I ever saw, by Sterling out of Hypatia (own sister to Harriet Laws), by Lecturer.

Among the younger animals likely to win races and fit to go into work, I took a great fancy to Merryly, a charming five year old mare, by Timothy out of Merry Tune, by Merry Sunshine, by Thormanby. This is a beautiful mare. I also liked a thick-set, powerful, three year old colt, by Miguel out of Siluria; and a chestnut of the same age, by Endurance out of West Riding, by Doncaster. There is a great, slashing two year old, by Blandford out of Nepenthe, and two other nice colts of the same age, by Pioneer out of Acra, and by Miguel out of Lady Cawston, respectively. All these three ought to win races.

A beautiful mare is the five year old by Merry Hampton out of Antias. This is a sound young mare that has never been tried, trained, or broken; she is a beautiful mover, of the very best running blood, has never been covered, and ought to make a big price. It is worth noticing that she is nearly related to Pride.

Space will not allow me to say more about this sale, except that the mares are all inbred to the Yardley blood, and cannot fail to improve any stud they are bought for. It is a rare chance for anyone starting a breeding stud to secure some of the most successful blood of the day, or for anyone wanting some hard, stout strains to fortify that of an existing stud.

OUTPOST.

## NOTES FROM THE KENNEL.

MR. E. SYDNEY WOODIWISS, whose kennel of Dachshunds was the subject of an article in COUNTRY LIFE quite recently, has since decided to retire from the fancy. Ill-health and the advice of his medical man to leave England for an indefinite period are given as the reasons for this step, which is as deeply regretted by fanciers in all parts of the country as it is by Mr. Woodiwiss himself. Since publicly announcing his retirement and advertising the whole of his Dachshunds for sale, the master of Upminster has improved so much in health that he has, for the present at all events, delayed his departure from England. As a matter of fact, he has consented to judge his favourite variety at the Charity Dog Show to be held at Earl's Court in December next. After the Kennel Club Show he will, however, have sold all his best dogs, Champion Wisacre having been snapped up immediately the sale was advertised, whilst the Prince of Wales also promptly secured one of the choice specimens bred at Upminster. It has been known for some time that H.R.H. was anxious to buy a high-class Dachshund, and now that so good a one is at Sandringham, there is but little doubt that the variety will become still more popular.

Captain W. W. Hargrave, who was recently so heavily fined for sanctioning the use of a tame rabbit for the purpose of exciting his St. Bernard shown at Liverpool, has attempted to justify his undoubted cruelty by declaring that his kennelman exceeded his instructions by throwing the terrified animal into the ring in front of the dog being exhibited. He does not, however, deny that the tame rabbit was bought for the express purpose of inducing the St. Bernard to show his wrinkle, and this admission certainly justifies the condemnation of the brutal practice by the presiding magistrate. At the same time, it is somewhat remarkable to know that Mr. Norris Elye, who judged the St. Bernards at the show named, did not put a stop to the mountebanking. Had it not been for outsiders, who were rightly disgusted at the exhibition of cruelty, no prosecution would have been undertaken. At the bi-annual general meeting of the Kennel Club held the other day, it was unanimously decided to add a new rule to those already in existence for the guidance of show committees, rendering anyone using any animal for the purpose of exciting others to show themselves liable to suspension. The rule comes into effect at once.

Fox-terrier men anticipate a magnificent show at Brighton, next month, on the occasion of the eighteenth annual exhibition of the Fox-terrier Club. To the patronage of this club is undoubtedly due the present popularity of the game little Terrier as a show dog, and the fact that it heads the list of varieties shown at this year's exhibition of the Kennel Club, with a total entry of 221, proves how the ranks of exhibitors have been added to since the formation of the Fox-terrier Club. Although never largely attended, the show attracts Fox-terrier men from all parts of the United Kingdom, and on this occasion, so liberal is the classification, it is possible for a young dog to win considerably over £50 in hard cash. Fifty guinea and other valuable challenge cups are offered in each section, and as every high-class kennel in the country will be represented this year, the show promises to be a record one. Mr. R. Vicary, of Newton Abbot, is expected to have a stronger team than usual, whilst Messrs. J. C. Tinne, G. Raper, F. Redmond, J. A. Doyle, and other prominent breeders report valuable additions to their young stock.

BIRKDALE.

## ON THE GREEN.

VARDON, since playing Braid a halved match at Ganton, where he ought to have won, if local knowledge is worth anything—and if, too, which seems doubtful just now, anyone can beat Braid—has been very successful in a match which he played Herd at Wakefield. This was a neutral green, so that neither should have had any pull on the score of better knowledge of the course. Vardon played so well that it is scarcely conceivable that anyone—Herd, Braid, or another—could have beaten him. He created a new record for the green, with 76, in one of the rounds. Herd possibly might have run him a little closer, but for a while he held him very hard. At the end of the first round Vardon was two up, and in the afternoon drew further away, winning ultimately by five. Seeing how near each other these two very fine players live, Herd being engaged at Huddersfield and Vardon at Ganton, it is a wonder that they do not play more exhibition matches together.

Mr. Hilton, too, has been record breaking again—at Hall Road this time, an old hunting ground of his; and in this new record that he has made on a familiar green we see further evidence of the improvement in his already sufficiently powerful game that has come to him apparently out of the confidence gained from his very fine win of the Open Championship. Curiously his score, too, was 76, reducing the record of Hall Road to the exact figures to which Vardon's fine play brought down the record at Wakefield.

The Royal Eastbourne Club has been holding its autumn meeting, at which the tournament for the Hambro Cup, open to all clubs in Sussex, is decided. Mr. T. T. Gilroy, from Seaford, was there, and his son, Mr. R. Gilroy, who distinguished himself a year or two ago in the Irish Championship by knocking out Mr. Ball. The handicappers had, perhaps, been a little severe on Mr. Gilroy for this achievement, penalising him two strokes. At this the odds were a little too heavy for him, and he survived only a heat or two. The winner was Captain Swinford, of the Royal Eastbourne Club, who played with all the advantage of being on his home green, and was easily victorious in the final

round. The best score at the meeting was a fine 77 returned by the Rev. C. W. Horsburgh, who also had the lowest score, with 80, on the second day's play. This green is less severe, now that it has been stretched out to eighteen holes, than in the old days when the nine holes were played twice over. To bring in the eighteen holes many of them have to be rather short, though on the whole they are of a sporting character, and the Compton Wood, Paradise Wood, and the Chalk Pit form as good hazards as ever.

The Saturday of the St. George's Club's meeting at Sandwich was rather too windy for low scoring, as many of the players testified by tearing up their scoring cards and sending them down the breeze protesting. Such a stiff wind gives the scratch players an advantage, and in a moderate field Mr. Horace Hutchinson, with gross 82, raised to 86 by a penalty handicap of four strokes, won both the Franklin Adams medal for the best scratch score, and also the handicap prize. This is, we believe, the first time that Mr. Hutchinson has played for any of the club medals, for he has but lately become a member of the St. George's, though he has more than once played for the St. George's Vase, which is open to all amateur golfers.

At St. Andrews, the general meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club passed a resolution which it is to be hoped may meet with general favour, and will settle the dubious questions of golf legislation that have remained in dispute for so long. Briefly, the means designed to this blessed end is the appointment of a permanent committee of fifteen members of the Royal and Ancient, nearly all scratch players, and representative of golfing opinion in all quarters of Great Britain. Their functions are to be merely interpretative of existing rules, and they have no power of framing or altering the laws.

## TOWN TOPICS.

THERE was no lack of interesting social events in London last week. The marriage of the Marquis of Waterford and Lady Beatrix FitzMaurice brought half the peerage together at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Saturday afternoon, and with so many of the Hamiltons and Beresfords, the congregation was distinguished for good looks, among other things. The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn was surrounded by her children, including the Duke of Abercorn, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Marchioness of Blandford, Lords George and Claud Hamilton, Lady Winterton, and the Duchess of Buccleuch. On the bridegroom's side were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Duke wearing his star and ribbon of the Garter, the Duchess of Manchester and her pretty daughter, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Lord William and Lily Duchess of Marlborough, and many others of the Beresford clan. The Duchess of St. Albans, with her daughter, sat on the bride's side of the church, and the Prince of Wales, who arrived with his usual polite punctuality, occupied the front pew beside Lady Lansdowne, and after the ceremony gave her his arm to the vestry, where he signed the register. The bride signed her pet name, "Petty." She is a pretty girl, full of fun and high spirits. The Marquis scarcely looks his twenty-two years. The presents included a diamond and sapphire bracelet from the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Prince stood sponsor earlier in the morning of Saturday to the infant Marquis of Blandford, son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The other sponsors were the Marchioness of Blandford, the child's grandmother, and Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, his grandfather. The baby behaved beautifully, and is a very fine child. Needless to say, his garments were of the most sumptuous character, the finest of lace and of lawn composing his robe, and satin most elaborately embroidered his cloak. The names bestowed upon the boy were John Albert Edward William.

The diminutive Marquis is a fine little fellow, and a model of deportment. The ceremony was simple and interesting, and the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, read the short service very impressively. The Marchioness of Blandford was dressed in mulberry satin trimmed with écar lace, and wore a toque bonnet to match. The Duchess of Marlborough, who looked pale and very fragile, wore steel blue poplin, trimmed with sable. The chemisette and sleeves were of finely-tucked muslin, and the costume was completed by a smart toque of mirror velvet, bound with sable, and trimmed with a feather aigrette. Among the guests were the Duchess of Buccleuch and her daughter, the Ladies Spencer-Churchill, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Frederic Hamilton, Lord Churchill and his little son. The chancel and font were beautifully decorated with white flowers, palms, and foliage fern, and the choir of the Chapel Royal were present. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales presented his godson with a handsome gold cup, and delighted the nurse by his admiration of her little charge, who had gone through the trying ordeal with exemplary fortitude, having contented himself with one single shrill protest during the ceremony.

A sale of work will be held at 115, Ebury Street, S.W., on the 25th of November, in aid of the National Anti-Vivisection Hospital Fund; and the committee invite contributions of work, fancy articles, woollen shirts, and other garments suitable for Christmas presents, which will be gratefully acknowledged by Miss S. S. Monro, 24, Thurlow Road, N.W., or Captain Shawe, 15, Woodstock Road, Bedford Park, W.

The members of the Primrose League have formed an entertainment committee for the purpose of providing free concerts for the poorer habitations, the first to be given at Walworth, on the 27th inst. The names of ladies and gentlemen willing to assist (singers or instrumentalists) will be gladly received by Mr. Arthur J. Coke, assistant secretary of the entertainment committee, the Primrose League Office, Victoria Street, S.W.

All the ice rinks are now open—Prince's, New Niagara, and Hengler's—so London cannot complain of having nowhere to go and nothing to do in the afternoons. The weather has, so far, been too brilliant for the best interests of the rinks, but this glorious Indian summer cannot last much longer, and on the dim and murky days "skating and spectating" will attract the usual smart crowds.

The marriage of Sir Edwin Arnold to a Japanese lady, though kept a great secret, was not much of a surprise to either his friends or the public. His favourable opinions of Japanese women were made known to the world in his letters from Japan several years ago. The marriage was very quietly solemnised on Saturday at the church of St. Mathias, Earl's Court. The bride has been educated in England.

Messrs. Walton and Lee have sold the Lydhurst Estate, near Haywards Heath, in the County of Sussex. The property has a wide reputation for the beauty of its gardens, and the grounds are said to contain one of the most varied collections of deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubs in the entire kingdom.



# Notes from my Diary

by Mlle. Sans-Gêne.

**M**ONDAY: It is a beautiful day, and the sharp autumn wind is whispering "Buy, buy, buy!" There is some sort of satisfaction in sending a sealskin to be done up, but even more in feeling yourself justified in buying a new one. Every second sealskin in the world of fashion is made like a Russian coat, and the Russian coat in polite circles is now invariably called the "moujik." Indeed, why should it not be? But if you scratch the moujik you will find the blouse. It is this, after all, under a new name, with the basque set with very little fullness, while at the back the coat is almost tight down at the waist, with just a suspicion of fullness down the centre, and invariably some light-coloured elaborate belt is worn. The best belts I have seen are those purchased by Trixie, in Paris, for the modest sum of eleven francs. She says they came from some curious little back street, where it is possible to bargain with the

shopkeeper. Of green leather, these have pale blue scarabæa traced with gold, and fasten in the front with a large round button of pale blue. Worn on a sealskin coat they are very charming, and they also commend themselves in connection with a cloth dress.

The authorities insist that we wear cloth bodices this year—a matter for great regret. The silken blouse is infinitely more comfortable; but all the cloth gowns are now completed with cloth bodices, giving me much cause for sorrow. The cloth bodice is exceedingly hot, and I think it is hotter when lined with silk, and I sigh for the easeful boneless comfort of the blouse of yesteryear. I shall not sigh long for it, I shall purchase it, thereby again proving my superiority over the multitude who follow strictly the inexorable laws of fashion, even when they may not offer ease.

**WEDNESDAY:** Nellie arranged a charming little party to-night. We were four, we were congenial, we were in the best of spirits, and we dined at the Savoy, proceeding to a box at the Tivoli, and returning to supper at the Savoy. What an institution is the Savoy. Fashion and beauty congregate there in their dozens, with a sprinkling of millionaires from South Africa, and one or two real ladies and gentlemen.

Tom has a genius for doing things comfortably, and we had the best table in the room, on the left of the door, where it was possible to observe obtrusively, and to be most unobserved of all observers. We had some wonderful *écrevisses* for supper with a sharp sauce, served with hot boiled rice. We had these amongst other things. Tom is a good caterer.

The Tivoli was not entirely to my taste, but the other members of the party seemed to enjoy themselves immensely, and there was a pretty little woman in a box opposite to us who was positively convulsed with laughter over the humours of Dan Leno and his eggs. She looked very nice, too, that little woman, in one of the new jetted dresses cut square in the front and back, with long sleeves of jet falling with jet bell-shaped pieces right over her hands. She had not a vestige of white anywhere about her gown, but round her waist was a narrow belt of diamonds—real or not, I know not, but they were most decorative. And she had on a lovely long cloak, made of white satin, with elaborate embroidery of jet from neck to hem. This was lined with pale blue, and much ruffled with blue chiffon and yellow lace at the neck. Of course she was over-dressed for a music-hall, but I forgave her that, she was so attractive. From the crown of her head, where she had twisted a band of jet and fastened it at one side with a black feather, to the sole of her foot, which I could not see, I am convinced she was perfectly equipped.

**THURSDAY:** I went to the Criterion Theatre to see Charles Wyndham in Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Liars." What a delightful actor Wyndham is—he expresses a whole sonata of sentiment with never a word. He merely gazes at a champagne bottle, and in that gaze speaks volumes of infinite significance. The gowns and girls are perfectly charming, Mary Moore looking exceedingly pretty in a white cashmere dress with twirled designs of braid piped with blue, made with a short bolero showing vest and sleeves formed of many frills of lace. The toque to this is worthy of imitation. It is made of pale blue chiffon lightly draped with lace, caught at one side with a black paradise plume and a white ostrich feather. Her evening dress in the first act is made of pink covered with some shimmering golden tissue, covered again with lace, upon which glitter copper sequins. Innumerable frills of pink and white and deep rose-coloured chiffons meander down either side of the skirt and bodice. Miss Brooke has a very attractive gown of shades of mauves with patterns worked on to the net in narrow violet ribbons. What an amount of elaboration there is in all the dresses, as if, indeed, it had required seven maids with seven needles for seven years to accomplish their detail. Irene Vanbrugh's gown in the first act I liked immensely. It was made



LACE DRESS WITH SEQUIN TRACERY OVER SILVER TISSUE.  
(As worn by Miss Mary Moore at the Criterion Theatre.)



WHITE CASHMERE DRESS, WITH BLUE PIPING AND MUSLIN SLEEVES.  
(As worn by Miss Mary Moore at the Criterion Theatre.)

of net, worked with deep orange chenille and tiny rows of lace, with a collar of net traced with silver sequins, square at the back and front, falling from one side with scarf ends to the hem of the gown, and being caught at one corner of the *décolletage* with a bunch of black roses. Round the waist of this are a few folds of glacé silk, either deep rose colour or orange—it was difficult to decide which shade this was, and my unfair companion of the merely male persuasion vowed it was pink, but I am not quite certain. We altercated wildly on the subject.

I have just had some letters from kindly women who have been reading this diary of mine and are amiable enough to imagine my advice is of value. My replies will be found under the head of "Dress" in the "Answers to Correspondents."

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE SNOWDROPS.

AN illustration of Snowdrops is appropriate at this season for general bulb planting. Many weeks must elapse ere the modest flower of pearly white gladdens the garden, but the time to plant to ensure snowy carpets of blossom is early autumn, when the bulbs are in sound condition. It is a grave mistake to keep them stewing in warm cupboards until much of their strength has vanished. When they are as hard and "ripe" as a hazel nut in September is the time to plant. Snowdrops are of many kinds, though one might suppose the family extremely small, if one may judge from the aspect of gardens in the first spring days. Elwes' Giant Snowdrop (*Galanthus Elwesi*) and the pretty native kind are those usually seen. The family contains, however, green, yellow, and autumn-flowering Snowdrops, dainty gems, interesting in the rock garden, but too rare or delicate for planting in quantity.

### THE CHEAPER SNOWDROPS.

No Snowdrop is so beautiful and vigorous as Elwes' Giant kind, which came to us some years ago from the mountains of Smyrna. The large, pure white flowers are held on strong stems, which, unfortunately, are sorely tried in wind-swept gardens. For this reason, not from any constitutional delicacy, *G. Elwesi* should be planted in rather sheltered meadows and borders. It is the Snowdrop for naturalising, beds, and pots. Of late years several interesting kinds have

been brought from the East, one named *G. Ikarie* promising well. The flowers are very pure, their snowy whiteness relieved only by bright green colouring on the inner segments. Its leaves are light green, broad, and handsome. *G. Fosteri*, with globular-shaped, very pure white flowers, *G. Elwesi* variety *Cassaba*, and *G. robustus* are newer acquisitions that keen lovers of the Snowdrop in its many forms may like to try. *G. octobrensis* is the autumn-flowering Snowdrop, interesting but rare, and this is followed by *G. coreyrensis*, a delicate species, but a link between the autumn and spring. The Crimean Snowdrop (*G. plicatus*), conspicuous for its broad leaves, the tall-growing *G. Imperati* and *G. latifolius* (*Redoutei*), are familiar to those with any knowledge of bulbous plants.

### DISTINCTNESS OF COLOUR.

We mentioned above two distinct classes—"yellow" and "green" Snowdrops. In both instances the name is somewhat misapplied, the flowers of the "yellow" species being, indeed, white, but the ovary and the markings upon the inner segments of the flower are distinctly yellow, sufficiently conspicuous, however, to impart unique character. *G. lutescens* is a delightful kind, and, although delicate, worth tender care. The green Snowdrops are similar as regards distribution of colouring to the yellow forms, the distinctive colour appearing on the inner segments or petals. *G. Scharloki* belongs to this group, but as welcome as any is the quaint *G. virescens*, of which the inner petals are wholly green, this colour appearing in paler shade on the outer ones too.

### NATURALISING SNOWDROPS.

Our illustration shows how pretty the Snowdrop is when naturalised. It is when the pearly flowers group themselves by tree base in orchard or garden that their modest beauty is revealed. Plant them freely by woodland walks, lawn margins, and in beds, putting the bulbs close together to produce a surface of flowers. The sweetest effects are got by associating Snowdrops with the early Scillas, as *S. sibirica*, or the pretty *Chionodoxas*, about which we wrote recently in *COUNTRY LIFE*. Blue of various shades gains in richness and refinement when seen against the pure white Snowdrop. Beds planted with later flowering bulbs, such as the Tulip and Daffodil, are of greater interest when the *Galanthus* is dotted between the lines or clumps, a longer display of flowers being obtained. Where there are many grassy banks or meadows near the house, Snowdrops planted in quantity are a charming picture in the early year. They die down before there is need of the mowing machine, and in time will sow themselves about freely, becoming thoroughly naturalised.

### THE SCARLET LOBELIA.

A brilliant flower of autumn is the scarlet Lobelia, or Cardinal flower (*L. fulgens*), which is so unlike the little blue Lobelia used in summer bedding that one can scarcely realise how near is the relationship. The herbaceous Lobelia and its varieties form a splendid family for colour, represented not only in the flowers, but also in the bronzy chocolate-toned leaves, which intensify the deep crimson flower colouring. The finest variety in every way is that named *Queen Victoria*. Its leaves are almost black, so intense is the colour, and the strong spikes bear a wealth of rich crimson flowers, which present a unique effect in a mass. It is only by grouping the plants boldly that sumptuous colour pictures are obtained, and if they spring, so to speak, from dwarf shrubs, a two-fold object is secured—rich colour contrast and protection. Of late years many forms have been raised, but none richer than the kind named. It is advisable in most counties to lift the roots about this time, as they are apt to rot in winter. They must be carefully examined, in case they are attacked with a fungoid growth, which is fatal if not checked by the rust-like spots being removed as soon as seen. Pot up the plants, keep free from frost, and in spring transfer again to the garden. The herbaceous Lobelias are well worth this trouble.

### THE GLADWIN.

Two Irises are natives of Britain, the Yellow Flag of our stream and river sides (*I. Pseud-acorus*) and the Gladwin, whose capsules are now bursting open to display rows of orange-red berries. This is called *I. fetidissima*, which delights in the wilder parts of the garden, where it will in time become established. The flowers are not showy, but of quiet colour, the berries being, however, valued for indoor decorations through the winter. One often sees the leafy stems in the windows of florists, the berries retaining their colour, even in rooms, for several months.

### GARDENS AT THIS TIME.

We have seen several gardens lately, but they smelt of decay, recent frosts spreading ruin far and wide amongst the tender bedders. Why is it that hardy flowers are not more planted? Starworts, Tea Roses, Perennial Sunflowers, autumn Crocuses, many annuals, Chrysanthemums, Fuchsias, and other things too numerous to mention, are now in full beauty, as fresh and fair after frost as if no icy hand had touched them. It is hard, indeed, to make gardeners—we use the term in its broadest sense—believe in the value of our finer hardy perennials.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Questions asked by readers are carefully considered, and answered in the "Answers to Correspondents" columns.



Photo., SNOWDROPS. NATURALISED AT BASE OF TREE. C. Metcalfe.